



# HOG WASH

BOOK ONE Rev 1

Photo Stories  
by  
David G. Seibold





**HOG WASH**  
**Book One Rev 1**

Written 2015, Revised 2021

A series of photographic stories

By David G. Seibold

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cover photography by Shari Seibold, [www.shariseibold.us](http://www.shariseibold.us), because it fit better with the title of the series than anything I had.

Cover motorcycle and body provided by our friend, Kelly Crowther, who, unfortunately lost his battle with ALS in 2021. Miss you Kel!

Naturally, I need to thank my mom and dad, Lois and Gordon Seibold, for putting me on this thing we call Earth. They introduced me to photography and humor when I was a youngster and it appears both made an impression on me.

I thank my wife, Shari Seibold, for all her encouragement to let loose in my photography, especially, the part about “don’t be a normal photographer. Break the rules. Shoot what you want, how you want and if it’s not what you want, post process the hell out of it!” I follow instruction pretty well most of the time.

Our kids, Brooklyn Seibold and Taylor Seibold aggravated the crap out me with their photography. Odd angles, blown out, creative. It took a long time for me to realize that photography is the perception of the eye behind the camera and we don’t all see the same thing. It doesn’t matter if anyone else likes your work or not, as long as you do.

Special thanks to Curt, Reed and Leroy Adamson who introduced me to digital cameras in 2000. Got me interested in photography again.

Last, but, not least, I’d like to thank Woody the Cat who was my constant companion for 16 years. He thought he was a dog and that was fine by me. Woody passed away in 2016.

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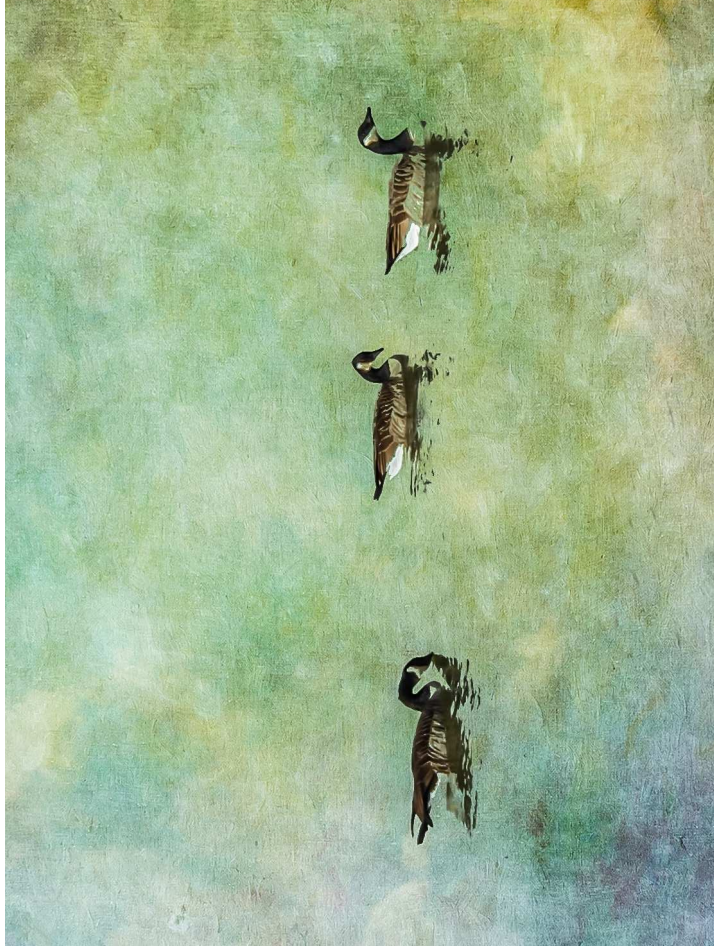
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## What's Good For The Goose



Geese can be standoffish. Geese can be pushy. These geese were indifferent. They preferred to paddle around just out of reach and ignore us.

Lester the Goose: "But those bipeds have bread!"

Juice the Goose: "That's how they sucker you in!"

Wesley the Goose: "That's right. They lure you in all buddy, buddy-like and before you know it, your sitting in a pot of boiling water!"

Lake Ming, Kern County, California 2002

## Black Sun Coot



Have I ever told you about the time I was at a local lake and the mud hens and blackbirds kept disappearing? No? Well, it's true. Every time I turned around there was one less bird. Finally, I ripped a side mirror off the truck, sat down with my back to the birds and watched in the mirror. You know what? The birds were flying off one at a time!

Ming Lake, Kern County, California 2003

Don't Want To Be Here

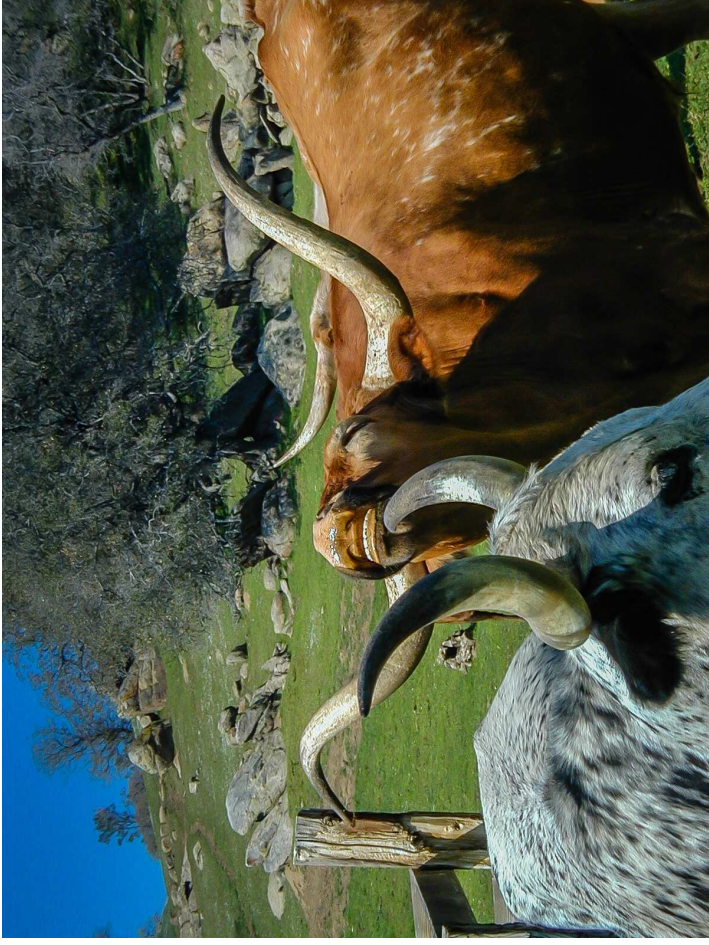


Every cow I've talked to has always mentioned this is the one place they don't want to be caught at. Too much slice and dice after the truck ride.

Hwy 223, Kern County, California 2003



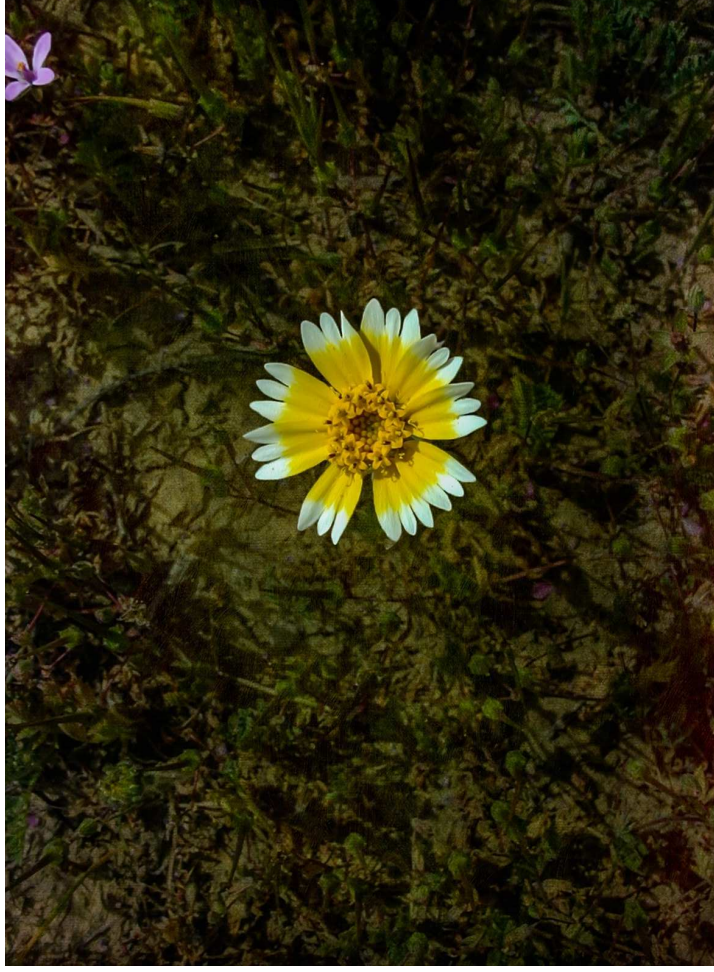
Scratch Here



"Oh, yeah. That's the spot! Now, what were you saying about this hamburger stuff you heard about?"

Hart Flat, California 2003

Top Side

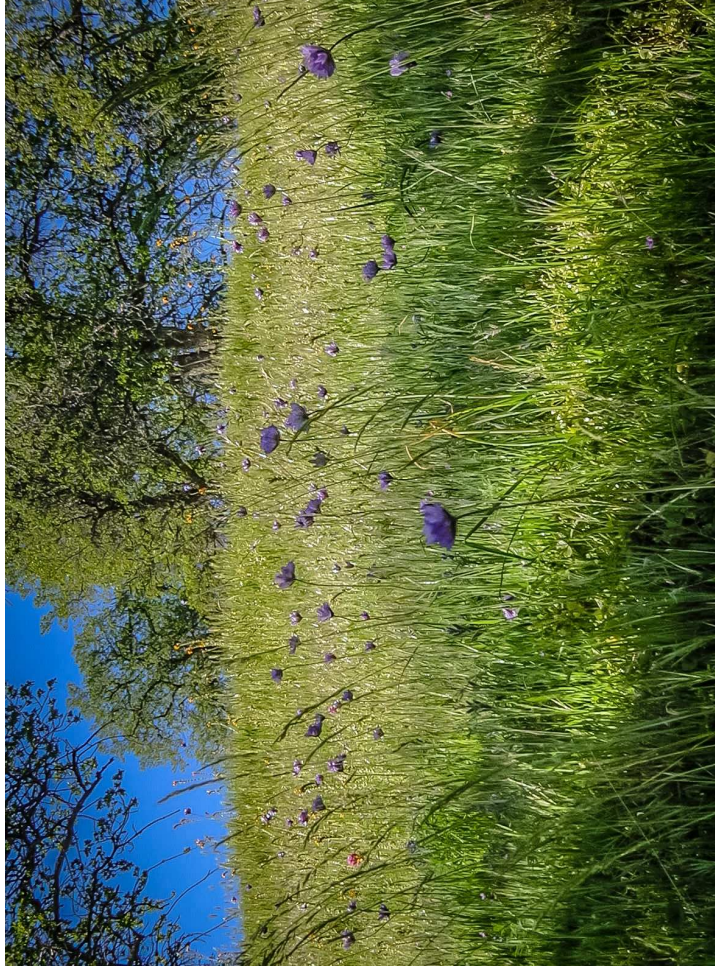


I bet you didn't know there were personal drones around in 2003! Actually, I've had a drone since 1949. I have the Eyes-In-Your-Head model and when I move my head, the drone scans in the same orientation as my head. I can't get much elevation, but, it seems to work pretty good for what I need. Quiet? Oh, yes, very quiet!

Carizzo Plain National Monument, California 2003



## Scattered



I can't walk around saying *Dichelostemma capitatum* each time I see a Blue Dick.  
It's just too much of a mouth full!

Rancheria Road, Kern County, California 2003

Incomplete

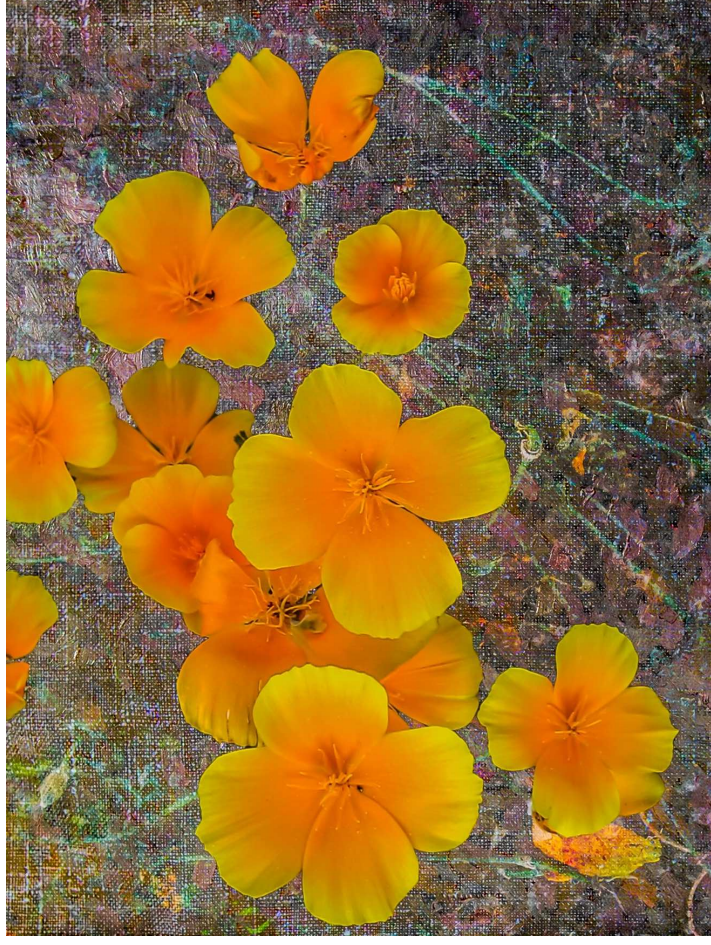


With the continuing drought in California, we had to disconnect the hot water line in the house. Now, we chase the granddaughter around for a few minutes and then jump in the shower. You tend to cool off quickly with just cold water, so, the showers are shorter and we save water.

San Ardo, California 2003



## Home Grown



It seems kind of funny that you are not suppose to pick wildflowers, however, you can buy seeds and grow your own and then pick them. I'm thinking someone's brother-in-law is in the seed business.

Bakersfield, California 2003



I Don't Bite, I Chew!



There was a cornfield. There were no children in sight, but, you could hear the muffled screams.

Bakersfield, California 2003

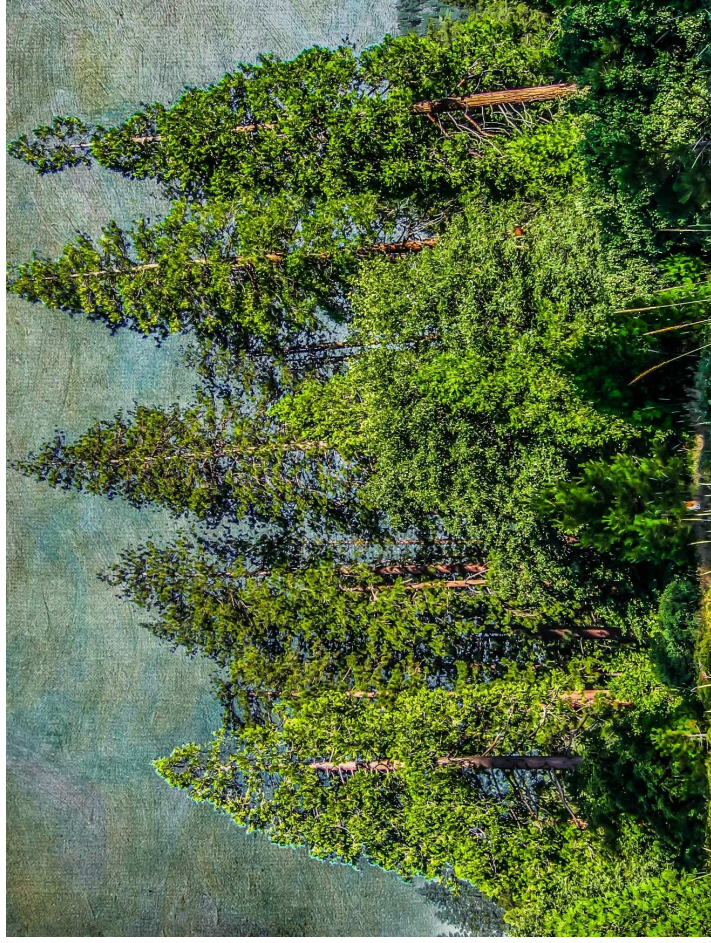
## Light Hogs



Flowers are generally found outside soaking up light from the Sun. It is amazing to me that with so many plants on Earth soaking up Sun there is any Sun left for the rest of us. Plants are such Sun hogs!

Carizzo Plain, California 2005

## I Hear You Knocking



This is where Charlene Manson used to hide. She'd climb a tree and rest during the day. She didn't snore. At night, Charlene would wander around the cabins in the area and steal door knockers. I'm not really sure why except her last boyfriend kept ranting about her not having any knockers. Beats me. Anyway, as far as I know, she's still prowling the mountains. I think she is fairly harmless if you happen to run into her. I always carry a spare door knocker with me if I am in the area. By the way, the word aquarium seems to upset her if you happen to talk to her.

Camp Nelson, California 2005



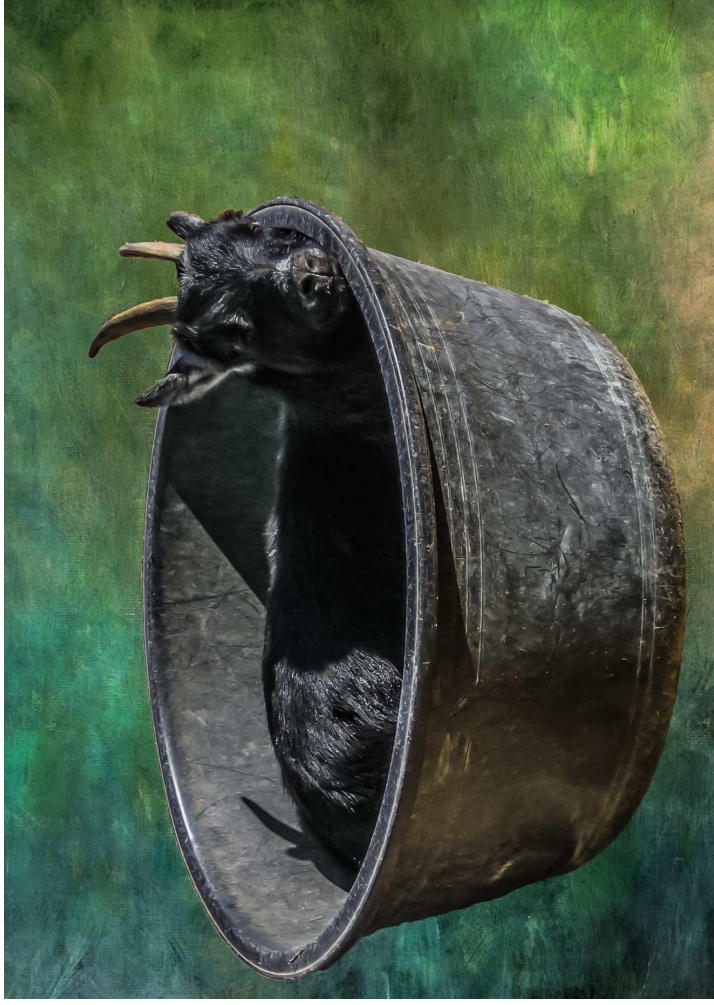
## Did You Drop This?



There is nothing like late afternoon light for photography. A natural golden hue. Although, I have to admit that sometimes I have a hard time differentiating objects as the light wanes. I don't know how many shots I took of this object before I realized it wasn't an asbestos rock.

Bakersfield, California 2005

## Magic



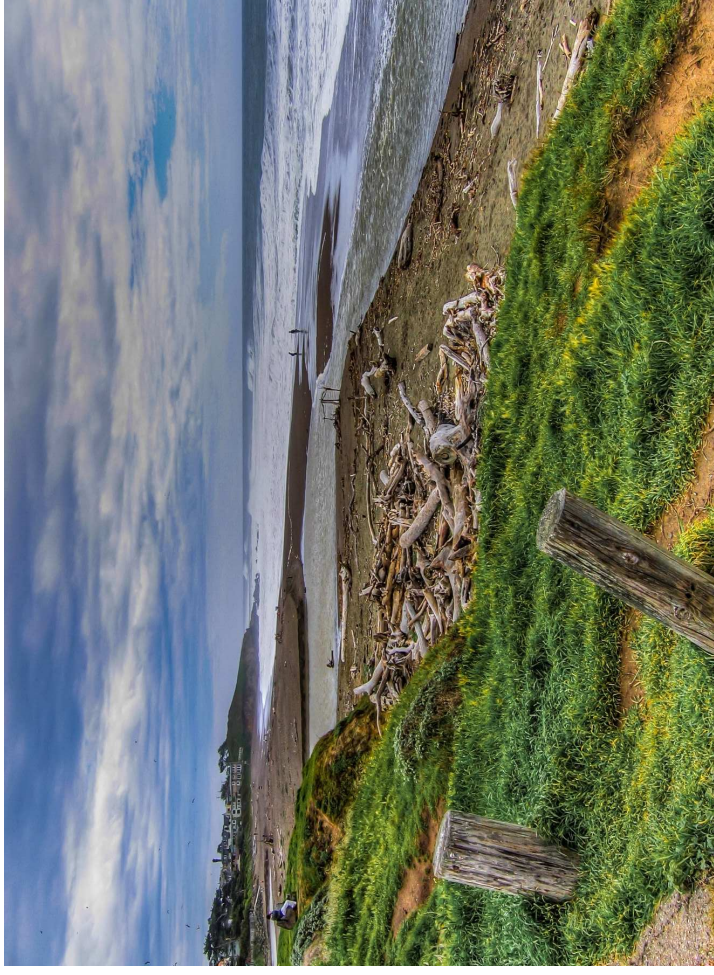
Baxter is a goat who has always had lofty dreams. He was never satisfied walking around a barnyard or butting heads with other goats. He dreamed of exploring the other side of the fence. One day, a magic tub salesman paid a visit to the farm and Baxter jumped at the chance to have his very own magic tub.

Everyday, Baxter climbs into his magic tub, closes his eyes and visits all the places he's dreamed of. Of course, he doesn't physically go anywhere and he's limited to things he knows like the hen house or the horse corral. After all, he is just a goat without any book learning. But, Baxter is happy.

Avila Valley Barn, Avila, California 2005



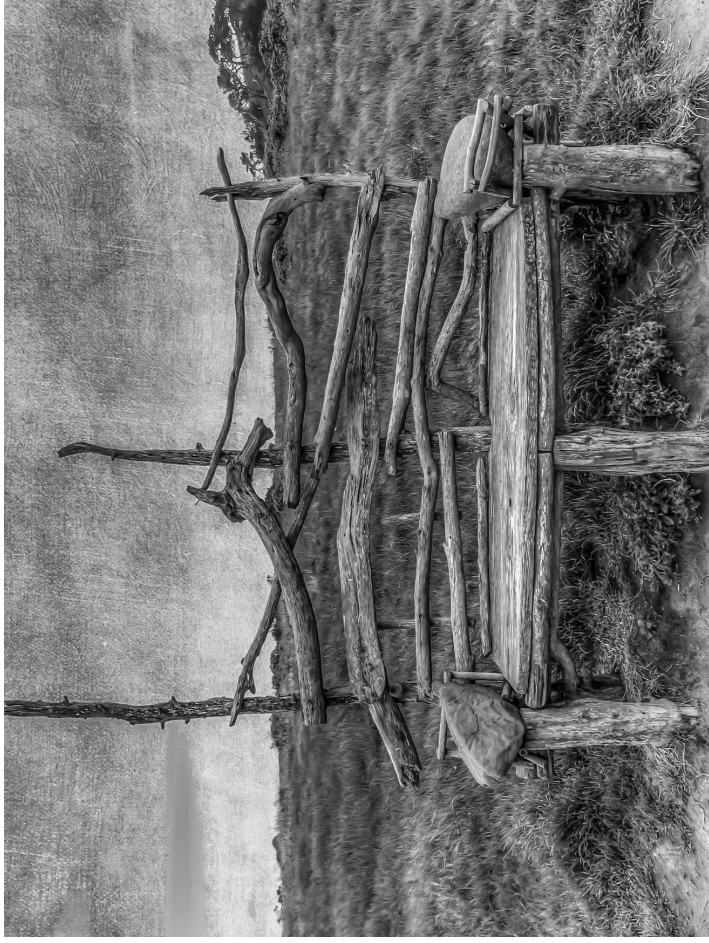
Lying Here



This area of the California Central Coast is a depository for sawed-off trees. The sawing is done in Scotland by eurasian beavers who tend to forget where they put their logs after long stays at the local pubs. The logs make their way through the Panama canal, sometimes causing massive log jams, and eventually wash ashore on this beach. It is easy to identify the originating country because the logs smell like scotch.

Cambria, California 2006

Bench Adrift



Ben: "What do you think, Jerry?"

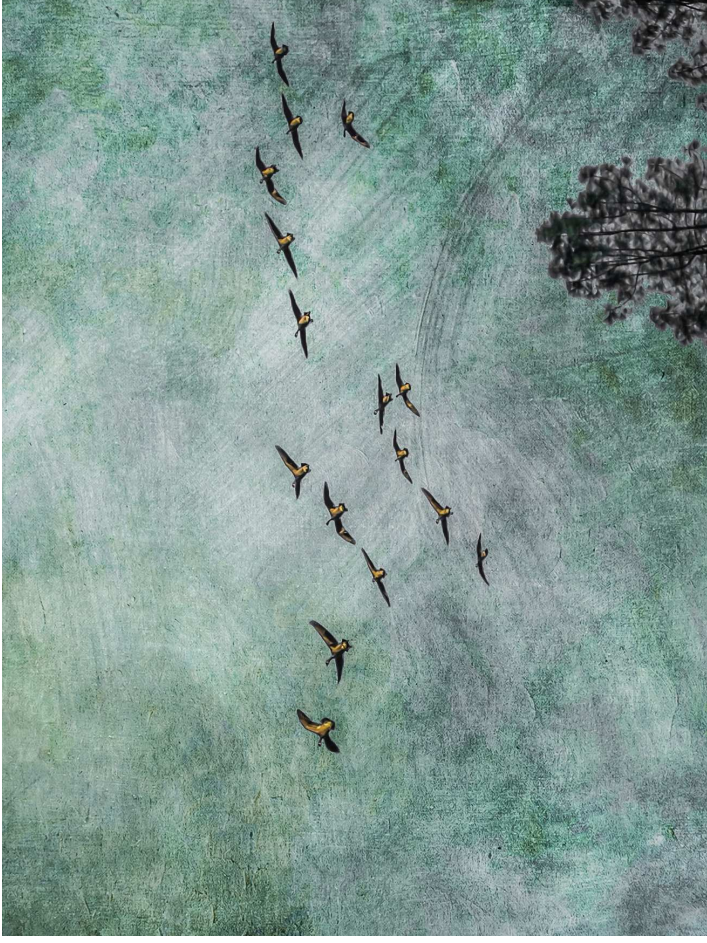
Jerry: "Well, Ben, those damn nails sure hurt!"

Ben: "It could have been worse, Jerry!"

Jerry: "Yes. We wouldn't be having this conversation if they'd tossed us into that fire at the party last night!"

Cambria, California 2006

## Roost



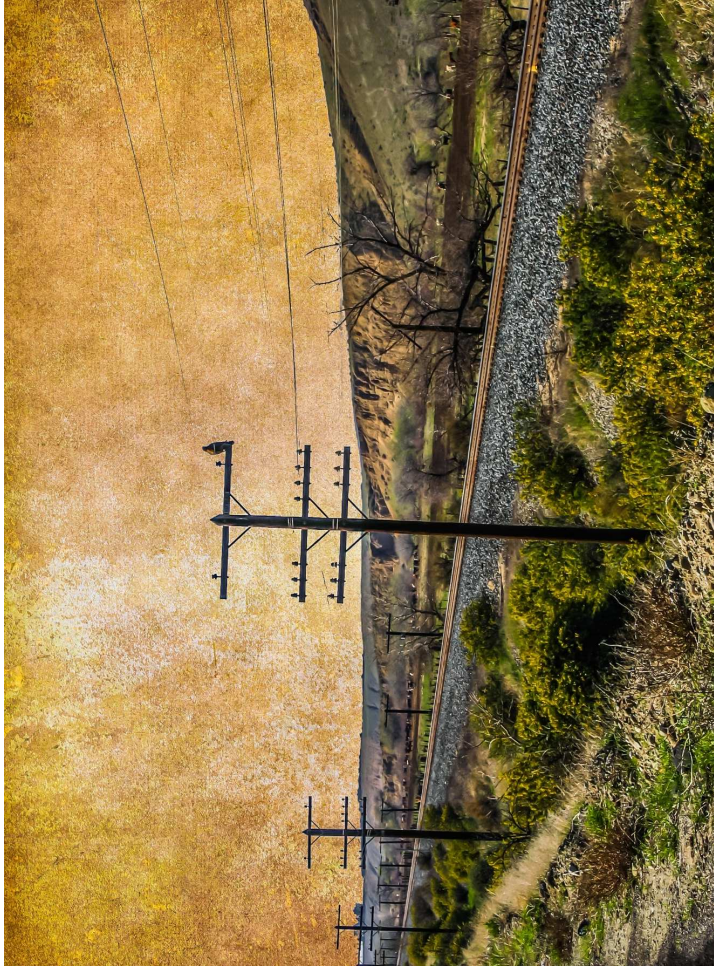
When it comes time to bed down, these poor geese can't. The coyotes in the area have learned to use quadcopters to scour the ponds for sleeping geese and snag them with a lightweight fishing line. So, now, the geese fly endless circles around the countryside at night. The geese catch a few winks during the day when the wild turkeys are foraging and become the prime coyote target.

(The above is totally fictitious except the part about the quadcopters. Well that's not entirely true either. The coyotes have taken to using drones at night.)

Redding, California 2006



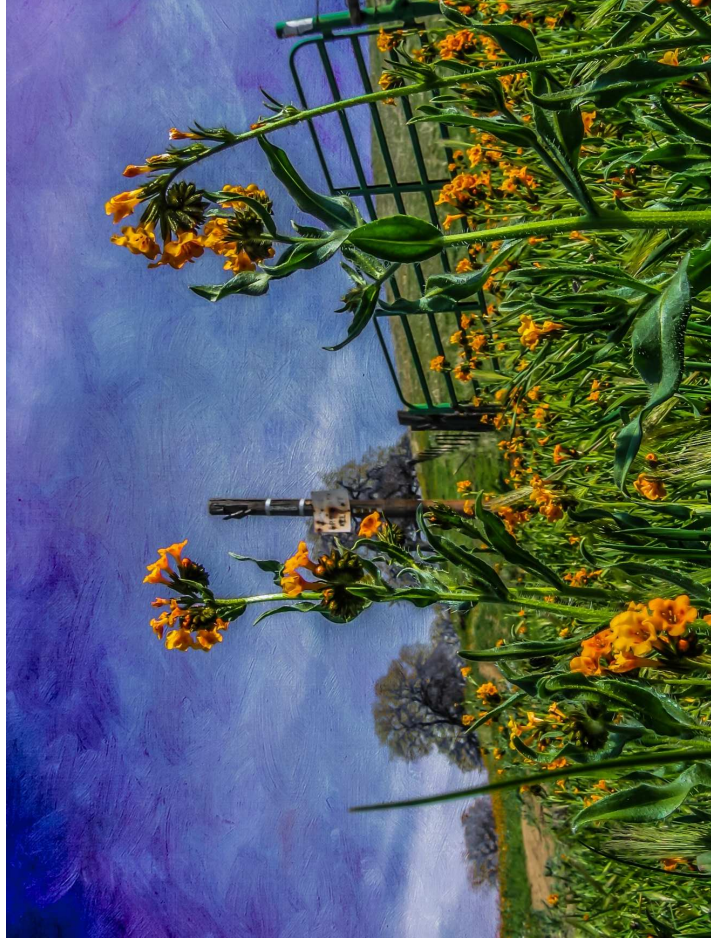
## Counting Cars



I've noticed there aren't as many railroad car loggers out and about as there used to be. It appears the railroad has trained birds to do the logging for them. The birds must have quite a memory because I don't see any of them writing down figures.

Bena Road, Kern County, California 2007

## Weedy Surprise

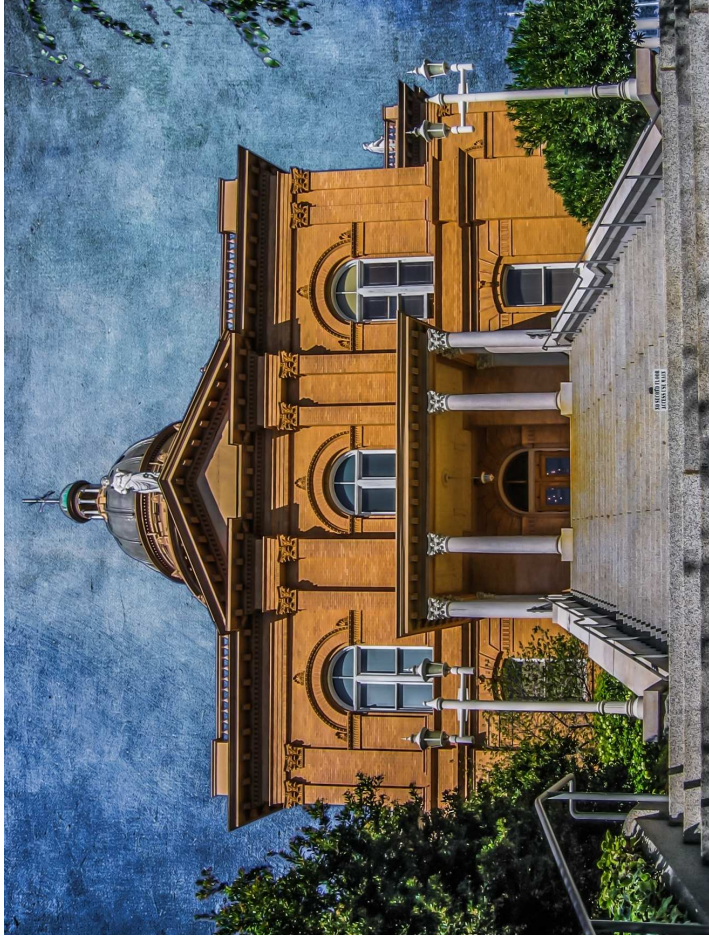


I likes to lie in the grasses and wait for critters. A plump mouse, gopher or rat would be really nice. Sometimes those pesky people come poking around and scare away my meal. I likes to bite those people for being so pesky. When I bites people, lots of times they kills me. I don't like that part much.

Rancheria Road, Kern County, California 2007



## Justice



I'm not exactly sure what was going on, but, there were disabled people standing on the roof of the Placer County Courthouse. Apparently, this is common as no one seemed to be concerned. I hung around for a little while, but, there didn't appear to be any movement, so, I wandered on.

Auburn, California 2007

## Protrusion

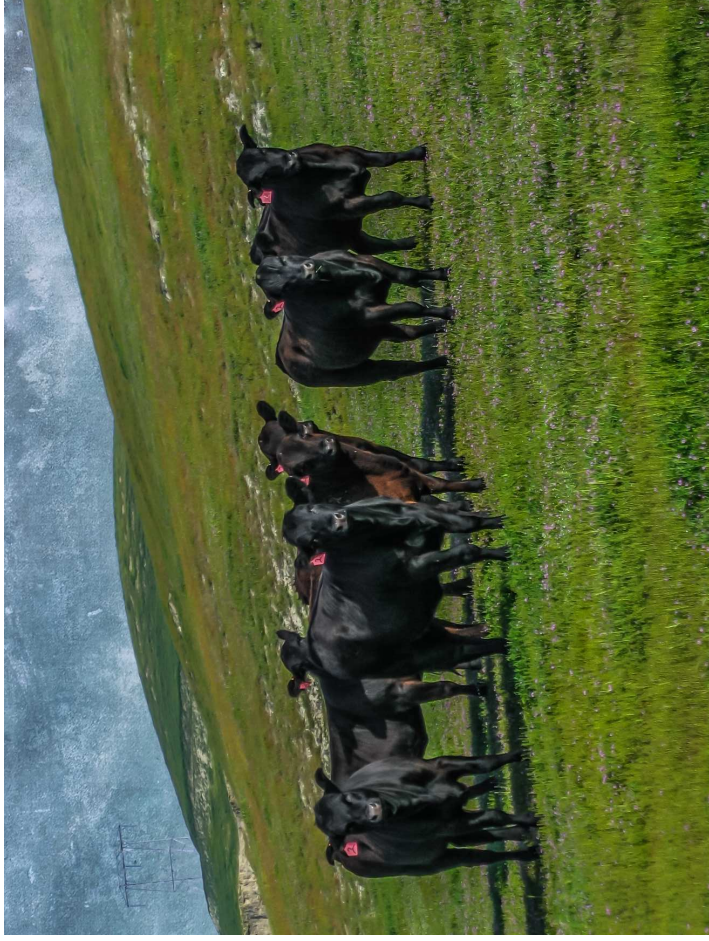


It's really hard to get lost on this stretch of Central California coastline. Just look for the bump on the horizon.

Morro Bay, California 2007



## Play Ball



The Rangers are looking for a pitcher and catcher. Preferably, someone who has connections for uniforms, baseball equipment and access to a ball field. Other than that, they are ready to play ball!

Kern County, California 2008



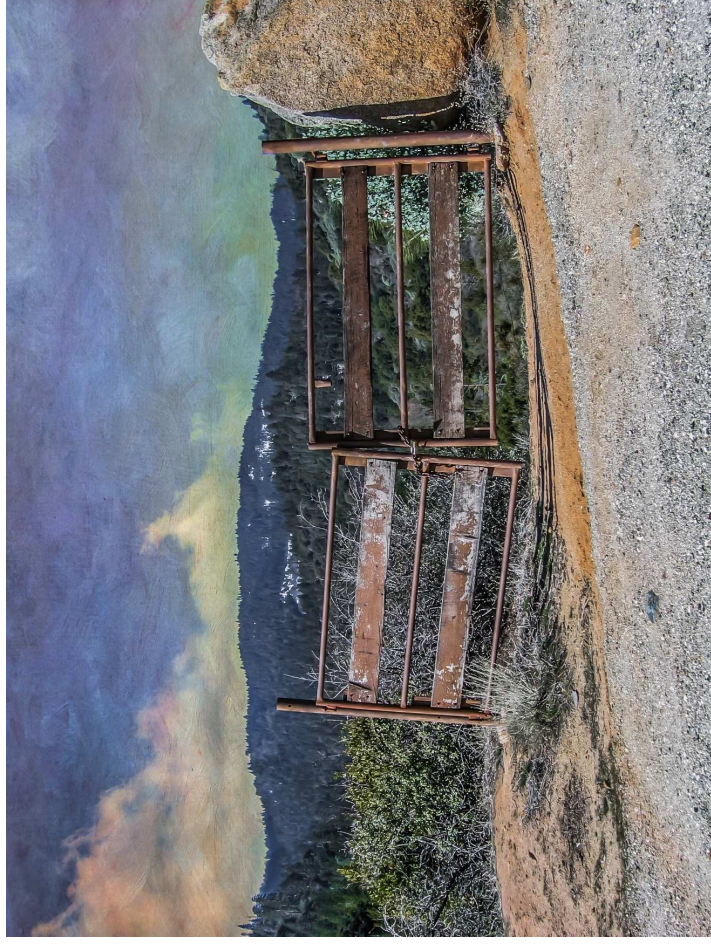
## Corms Not Bulbs



I love the name of this flower, *Dichelostemma capitatum*. Well, not the proper name so much, but the slang term, blue dicks. I wonder who came up with that term? Was it a police detective? The plant grows from an underground corm which is different from a bulb. I didn't know that, nor, did I know what a corm was. Look it up.

Rancheria Road, Kern County, California 2008

## Forbidden Paths



Not everything is always open. However, usually, a good chain and truck will take care of the roadblock. Not that I'm condoning trespassing, just saying!

Kern County, California 2008



## Well Behaved



Sand bees are funny. They just kind of lollygag around in the air almost always flying low to the ground. Now, if bees bother you, it is kind of unnerving to have these guys swarming all over the place. I really don't know if they are really bees or wasps or just some flying insect, but, they do live in the sand which was quite a surprise. Once the sandy soil went away, so did the critters.

Bakersfield, California 2008

## Packaged

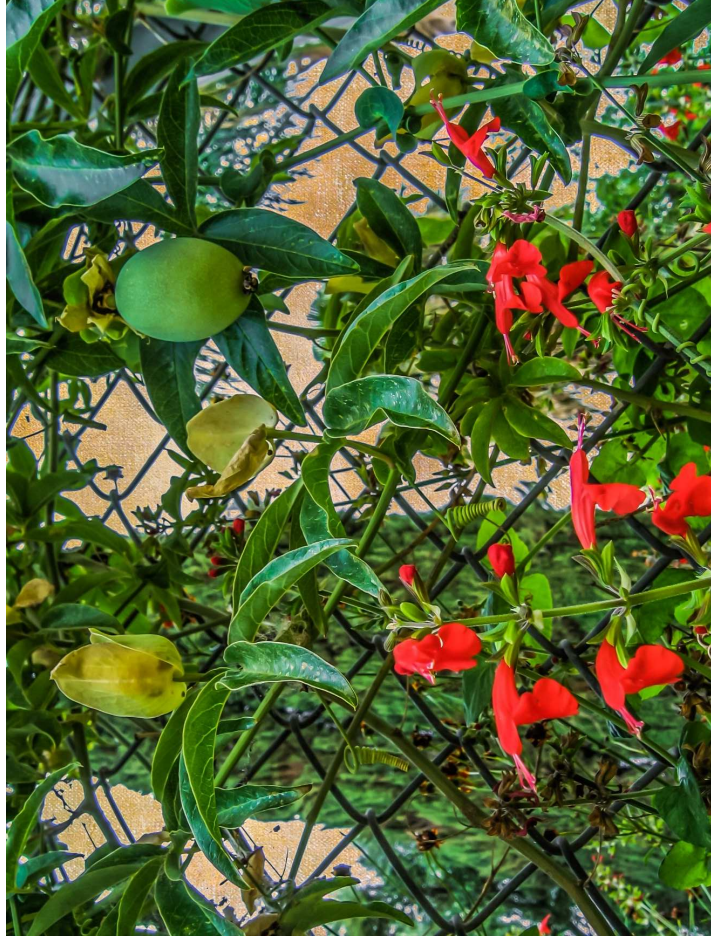


Years ago, we had mounds of Black-Eyed Susans in the backyard. These mounds were located on the outside of three aptos blue pine trees. It was one of many transformations the backyard went through over a period of thirteen years. Eventually, the mounds were removed and lawn was planted. Naturally, since the mounds were watered well for the flowers, the tree roots thrived making the mounds more difficult to remove. There are a lot of birds and insects still not talking to us because of the mound removal.

Bakersfield, California 2008



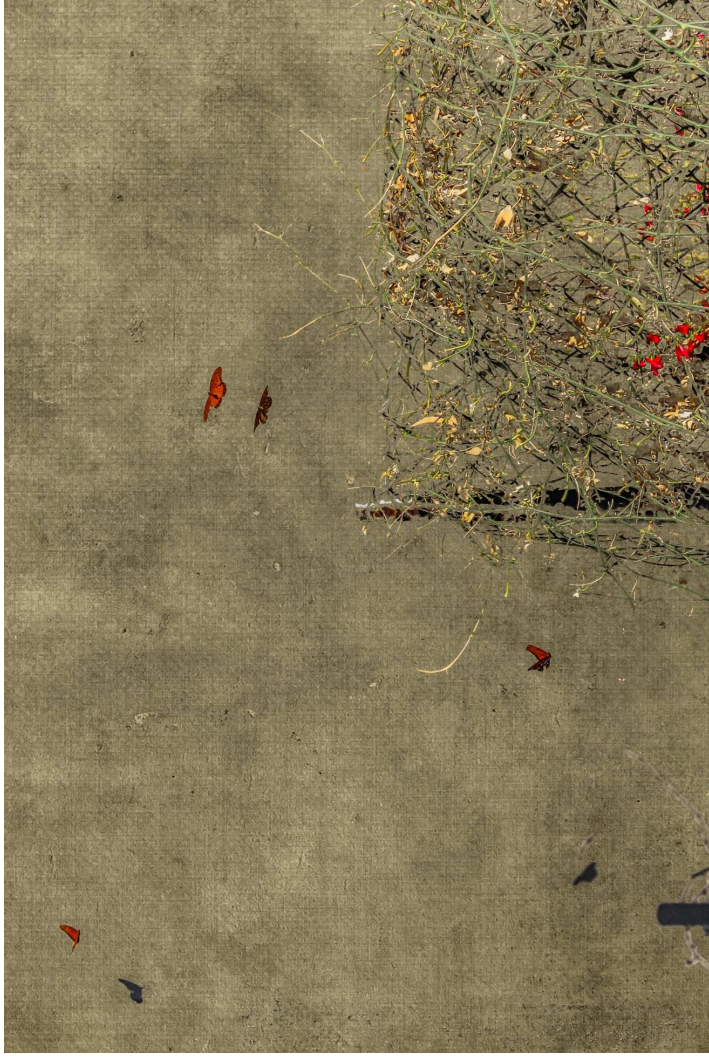
Death Trap



I know it doesn't look like it, but, these plants are potential killers. The passion vine leaves and fruit are delicacies for gulf fritillary caterpillars who gorge themselves and then die. Of course, they emerge later as butterflies, but, that's beside the point. The red tropical sage blooms draw hummingbirds who become so engrossed in the flowers that they don't notice the cats stalking them. I haven't seen a cat catch a hummingbird yet, but, it could happen.

Bakersfield, California 2008

## Free Flapping



This is a clear example of the defoliation that caterpillars perform on passion vines. They are relentless. The cycle of butterfly egg laying, caterpillar leaf eating, butterfly hatching is vicious. The scream of the passion vine at night is chilling. All for what? Well, so, photographers can run around snapping shots, of course! In this area, the attack begins in late April or early May and extends into November. Ear protection helps with the piercing screams.

Bakersfield, California 2008



## Dark Meat



There was a little celebration the night before this shot was taken. Campfire, beverages, s'mores. This guy was the fire tender. He got a little close. He almost became part of the snacks.

Hart Park, Kern County, California 2008

## Rooftop Meeting

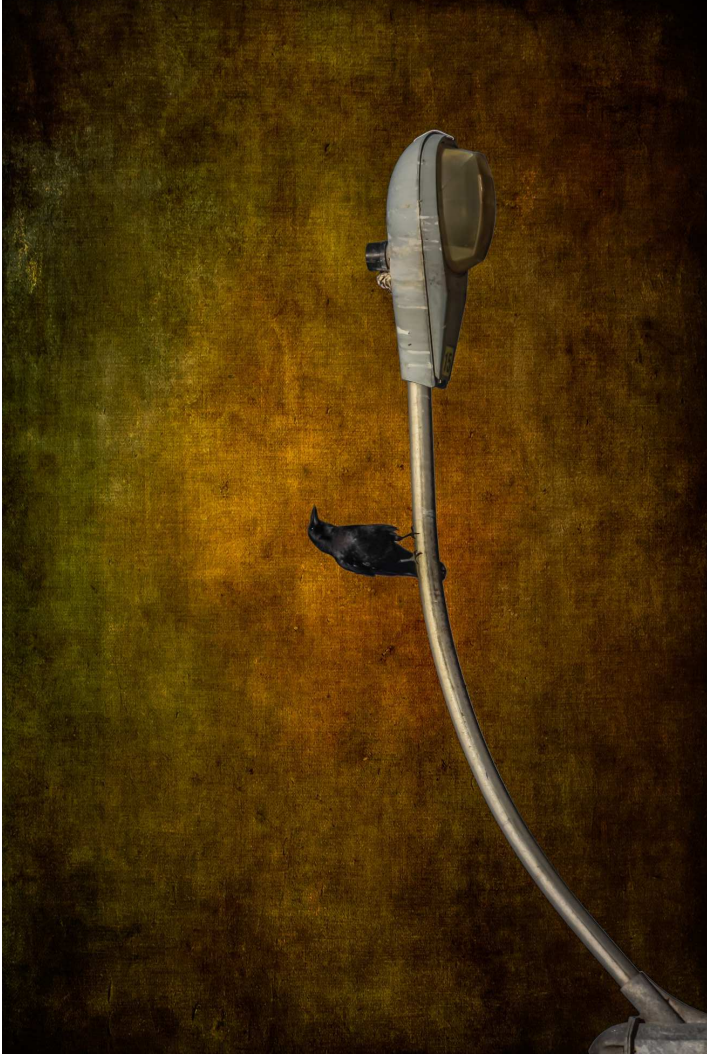


Somewhere I read that crows recognize human faces. These guys obviously knew me from an earlier encounter. I heard one of them say, "Crap, there's that guy with the camera again. We better do something intelligent. Anyone have a book we can read?"

Carpinteria, California 2009



## The Walking Dude



Every time I see a crow or raven, I think of Randall Flagg, The Walking Dude, in Stephen King's, *The Stand*. The bird was Flagg's eyes or maybe Flagg himself! The Walking Dude is one really evil dude who won't go away; he keeps showing up in other King books in one form or another.

Ventura, California 2009

## Da Plane, Da Plane



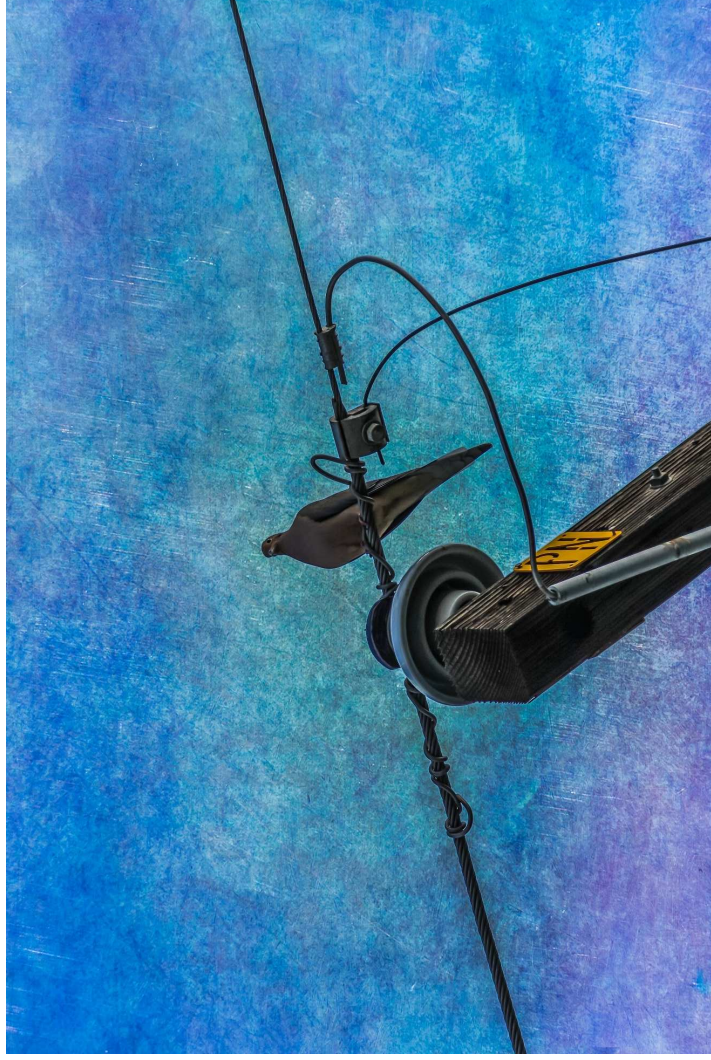
This particular morning, I had two drones flying to capture shots of the Blue Moon. I used one to shoot the Moon and the other drone. You ever try to fly two drones simultaneously? It's a lot of work!

Truthfully, this is a composite. My shots of the Moon were so boring, I had to do something. Besides, I liked the drone story.

Bakersfield, California 2015



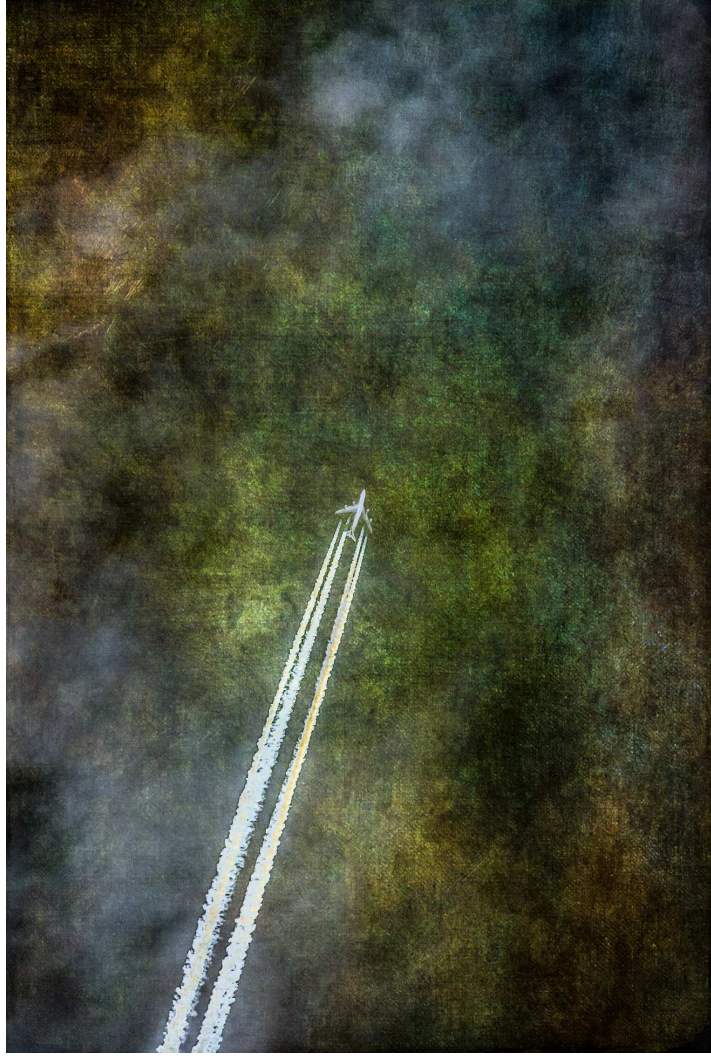
## Dove On A Wire



Most opportunities I have to photograph birds is in the backyard. Woody the Cat and I sit on the patio and when he starts mewling and swishing his tail, I know it's bird time. It also alerts me to the fact that Woody's eyesight is still pretty good. This dove was eyeballing the bird feeder and the cat. The bird eventually hit the bird feeder, pecked a bit and left the scene when Woody started stretching and thinking about getting up.

Bakersfield, California 2009

33,000 Feet



I took my quadliner out for a spin. There were a few issues. The Bakersfield Police Department was not too happy with me as I rolled this baby down California Avenue. Some of the building owners aren't real happy either. I think I might have clipped a few buildings on takeoff. I also forgot to mount the camera which was really disappointing because I wanted to verify Google Earth has an up-to-date shot of my house. I don't care what Trey Ratcliff and George Krieger say about the ease of flying quads; try flying one of these quadliners! By the way, I never did figure out how to get it to come back home.

Bakersfield, California 2009



## Safe Haven



The birds love this pole. They like to watch the dogs and cats and poop in their general direction. I've never seen a cat climb the pole, but, I'm not watching 24/7. Once in a while, I'll see a squirrel scurry part way up, hang there and then leap into a nearby tree. The pole provides power, telephone and cable to four homes. Phones? Like, people are still using wired phones? Believe it or not.

Bakersfield, California 2009

## On Guard



This feline is charged with overseeing the tranquility of the Sculpterra Winery in Paso Robles, California. Unfortunately, the wine master likes to ply his trade on the cat and the cat generally is napping by 11AM. So much for controlling any unruly tasters.

Paso Robles, California 2009

Oops!

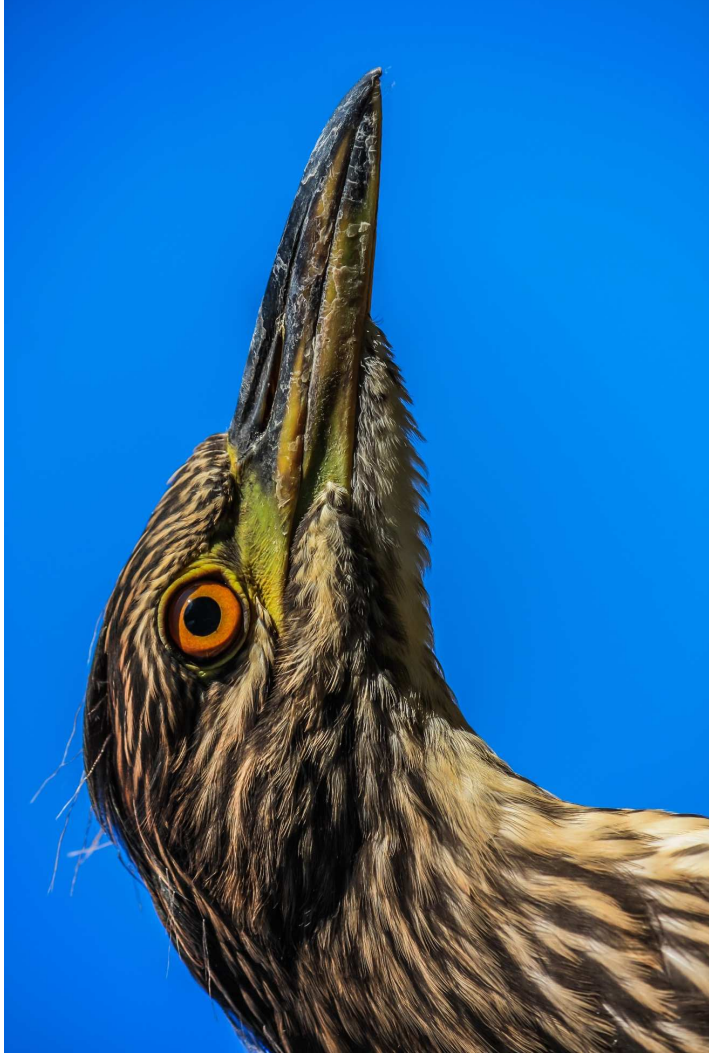


Heron: "Oh, my goodness! I dropped another fish bone in the grass! That's not going to go well with all those people walking around in bare feet! I'm just so clumsy and maybe a tad bit messy. I apologize! No, I don't! I better go find another fish!"

Morro Bay, California 2009



Juvenile

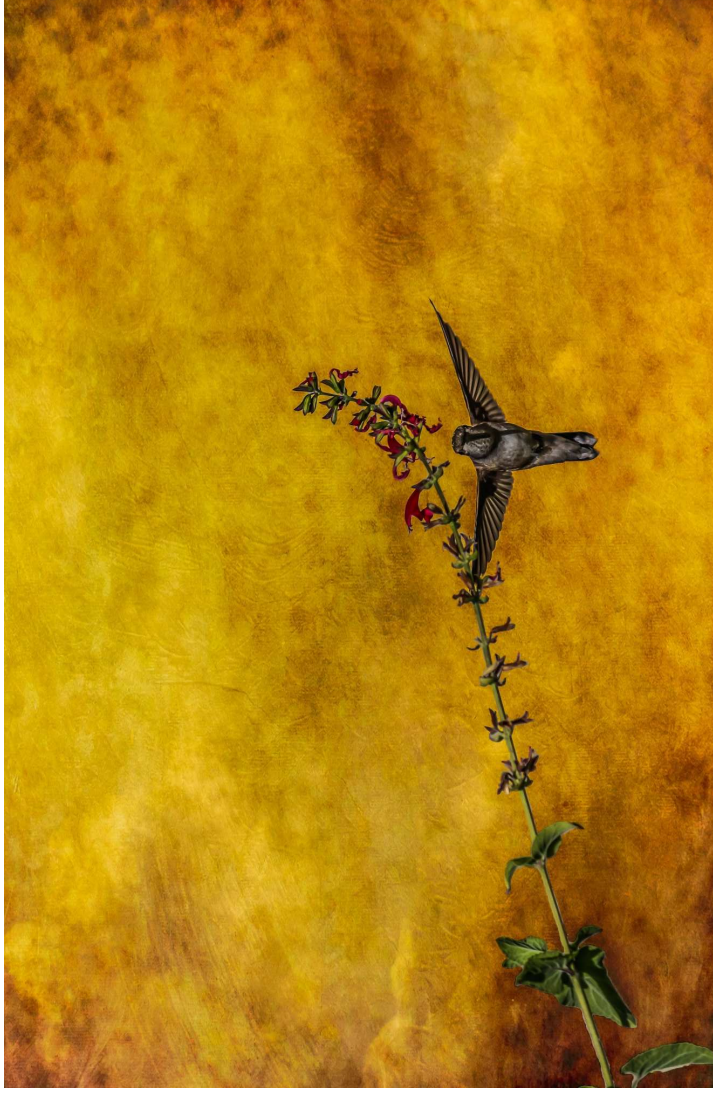


I want to say this is a juvenile black-crowned night heron. But, I don't know that for sure. What I do know is they are noisy, slow-witted and drop bones and fish everywhere. This one was walking the fence at the house. Every year, they nest in trees around our neighborhood. They are really good at unintentionally antagonizing dogs and cats. Sometimes, the dogs and cats win.

Bakersfield, California 2009



## Quadcopter Predecessor



Early versions of the quadcopter worked pretty good, but, were not able to sustain camera weight. They had a tendency to crash with the added weight. One advantage, however, was the ability to fly without a battery pack. On the downside, they were very difficult to control and required large amounts of a water/sugar fuel.

Bakersfield, California 2009

## Flitter



Air Traffic Control was on a much needed breather. Depending on the cycle, there could be 25 to 75 Gulf Fritillary flapping over the passion vine causing all kinds of headaches for Woody the Cat. Woody felt it was his responsibility to watch every butterfly and try to catch it. However, the distraction factor was extremely high and poor Woody was never successful capturing a critter; at least not while I watched.

Bakersfield, California 2009



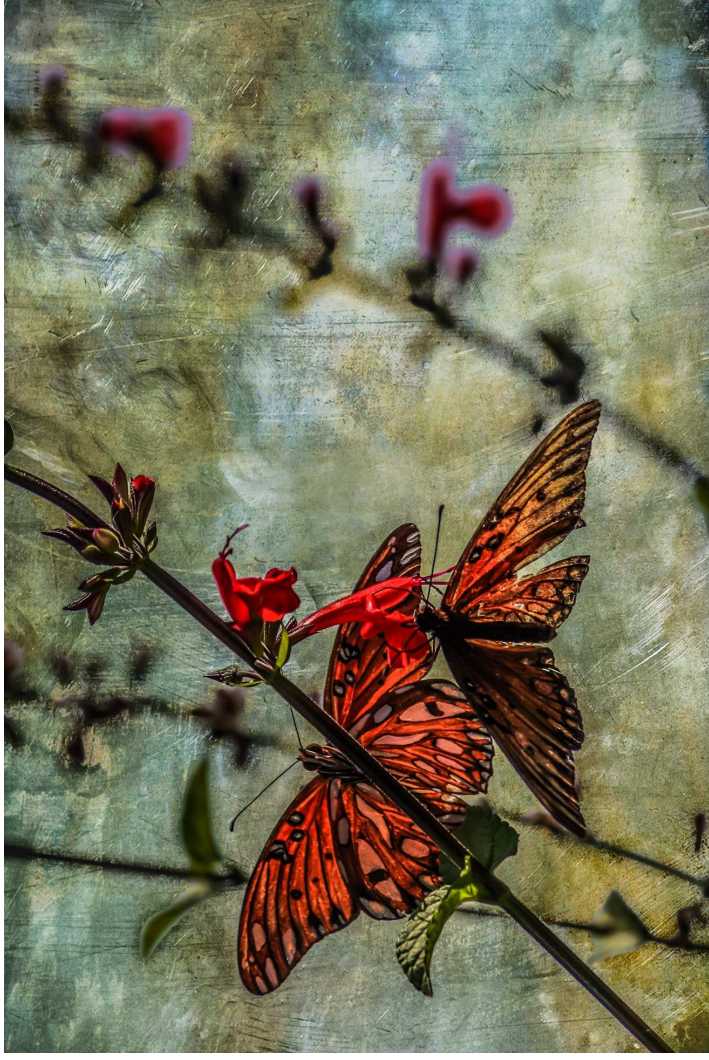
## You Are Next



I am always suspicious of vultures since they tend to congregate. However, this osprey was overly interested in my movement. He followed me for about twenty minutes. Turns out, he just wanted to borrow my cell phone for a quick call.

Kernville, California 2009

## Annoyance

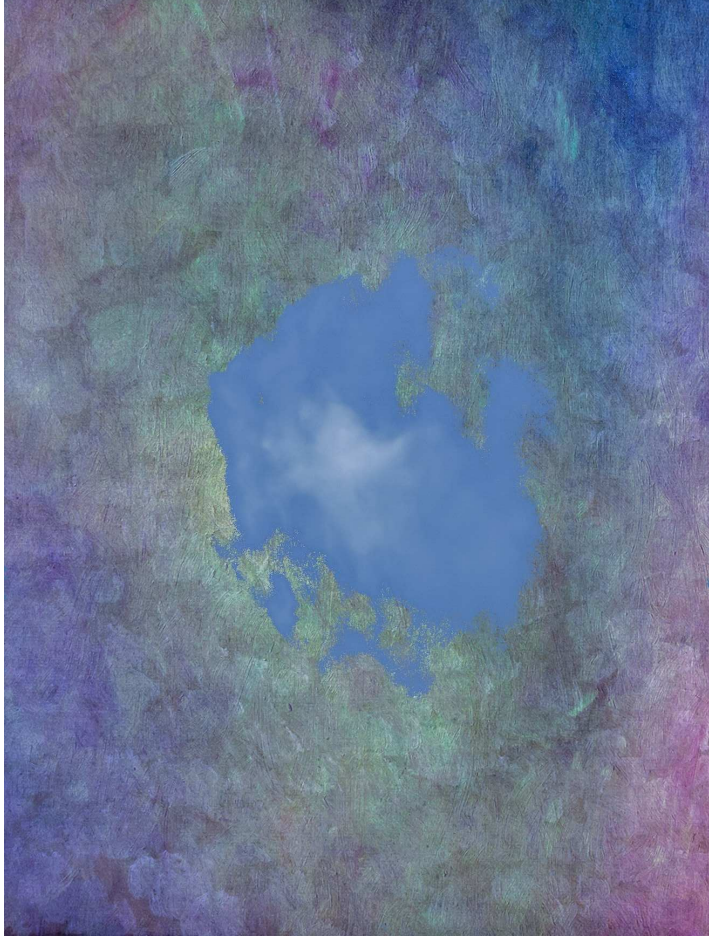


Tropical Sage: "These Gulf Fritillary butterflies are a real pain in the butt! Always flittering here and there and sticking their tongues in my ears. Drives me nuts!"

Bakersfield California 2009



## Metamorphosis



Ben the caterpillar has been chomping on passion vine leaves for a while now. His jaws are sore. He's full. He's big. He is going through the last stages of becoming a chrysalis and takes one last look skyward before being completely encased.

San Ardo, Monterey County, California 2010

## Alert



Mockingbirds seem to be aware of everything that goes on around them. I think it is a learned skill; maybe a survival instinct. I mean, you really have to be alert to keep from getting shot because you are singing at 3 AM in the morning!

Bakersfield, California 2010

## Packing Junc



This guy was really confused. He took one look at all the pines in the backyard and thought it was time to breed. The only other moving animal around at the time was Woody the Cat. The Junco watched for a bit and then decided he didn't want anything to do with Woody.

Bakersfield, California 2010



## Odd Man Out



You have to look quick to catch Cedar Waxwings around our place. They zoom into the area in droves and then disappear leaving Robins behind.

Bakersfield, California 2010

## Regular Visitor



This guy has visited for the past five years. He always lands in the same aptos blue tree, poops in the same spot and then says, "Well, did you miss me? Got any 70s music for me?" To which I always reply, "Quit crapping on my tree!"

Bakersfield, California 2010



## Fiddlin' Around



Springtime romps in the foothills and mountains around Kern County, California are usually colorful depending on the abundance of rain. Fields of fiddleneck can be quite common providing a visual treat. Usually, February through April are good months for wildflowers in the lower elevations. If rain is scarce and weather heats up, the bloom can be much shorter. In May 2014, we saw some 100 °F weather. The flowers don't last long with those conditions.

Rancheria Road, Kern County, California 2010



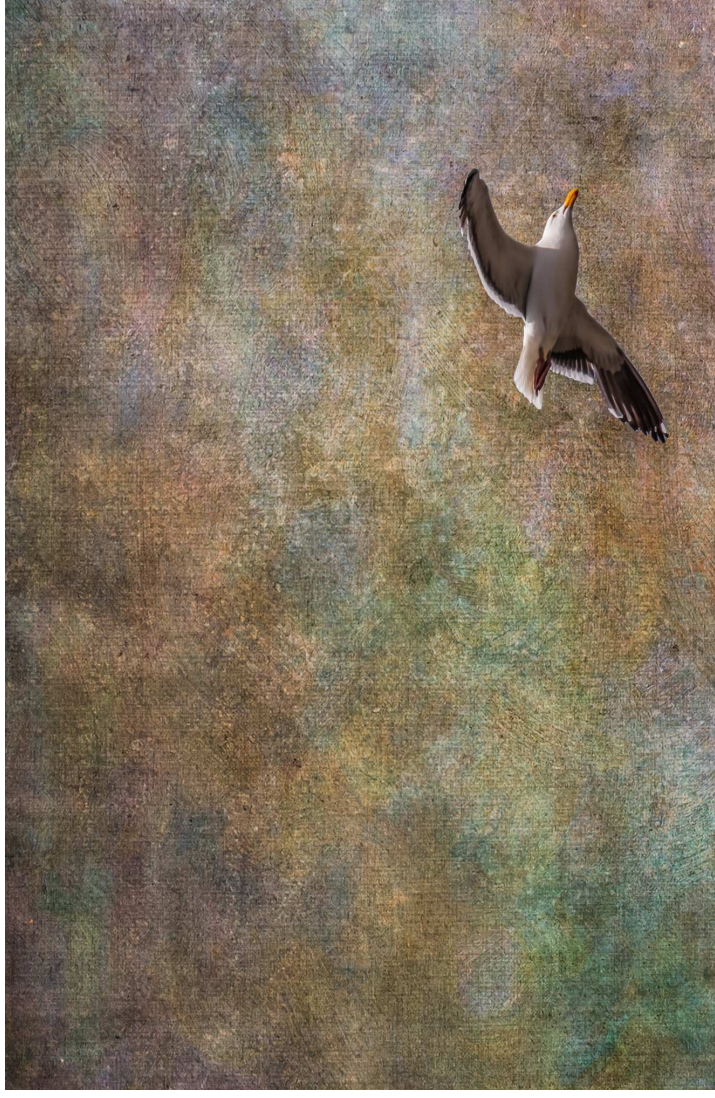
## Dirt Is Just Fine



Woody the cat is not picky about where he lies down, which, at times, causes problems. Like the time he laid in a hill of red ants. He kind of gave me that look of what the heck and spent the next hour dancing and scratching.

Bakersfield, California 2010

## Bad Bird

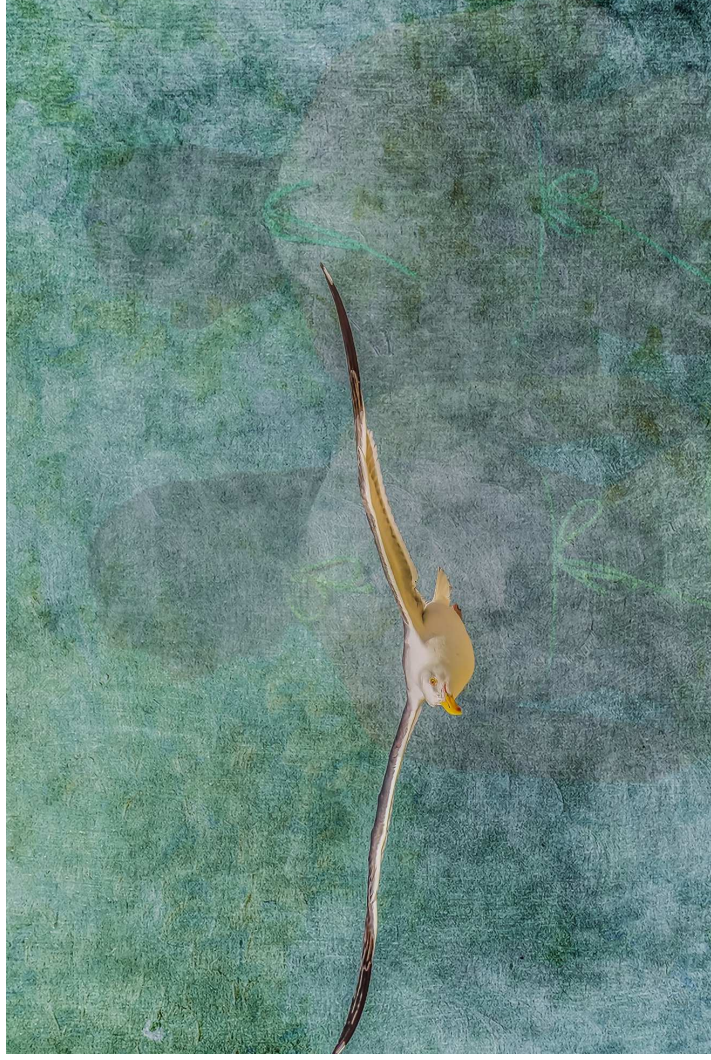


Bill is a member of the Seattle Seagulls Scavenger Club. He spends his time looking for food he can steal from unsuspecting people which is a lot easier than catching fish and a lot more fun. The best time he's had so far was stealing hot dog buns and a bag of chips from Misty May-Treanor and Kerri Walsh Jennings while they were competing in the 2012 Summer Olympic games. Pure gold.

Montana de Oro State Park, San Luis Obispo County, California 2010



## Fade Away



Seagulls are ravenous sea birds (personal experience). The name seagull is kind of misleading because the buggers also are inland birds. Just check out your own inland garbage dump. Despite the noise, they do provide a service; scavenging dead animals and organic litter which could pose a health problem to bare-footed bipeds. Seagulls also keep many photographers busy trying to catch a shot of the elusive seagull butt! I'm not sure why.

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2010



## Dragon Fly



This is how Smaug, Lord of the Rings fame, got his start, tethered to a string on the beach. He put up with this for one year and then decided he'd rather see the world at which point, he broke the string bond and fried the string holder. He thought, "Wow, this is great fun!" and flapped off to seek his fortune.

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2010

## No-See-Ums



You lay your towel out on the sand, maybe put up an umbrella, slather a sun protective lotion on yourself and settle in for a relaxing day on the beach. Almost asleep and then the no-see-ums attack! Little pricks of pain and a lot of swatting. The little flying pests commonly known as sand gnats, sand flies, sand fleas or biting midges are out to make your beach stay miserable.

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2010



## The Feral War

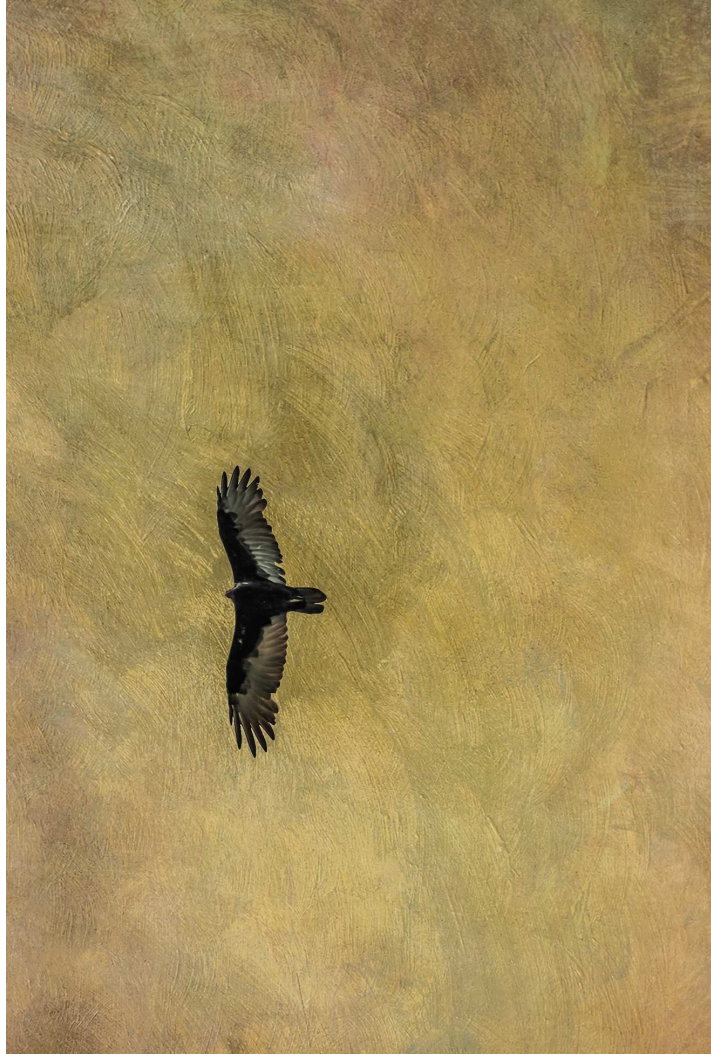


A couple of years ago, a neighbor moved and left their cats. Well, cats do what cats do and eventually, the feral population on our street exploded. The result has been a lot of inbreeding with strange results, cat fights and the necessity of wearing shoes to walk across the lawn. There was a lot of complaining in the neighborhood about the rampant escalation in the cat population. Finally, our feline, Woody the Cat, told us we needed to do something about the situation. We did. We bought a food truck, parked it in front of the house and began setting traps. The feral population has declined to the point that either the cats have moved to another neighborhood or we have reached the de-saturation point. Oddly, I've noticed another food truck parked a couple of streets away named Kitty's Delight and it seems some of our neighbors have gone missing.

Carpinteria, California 2010



## Spotter



I thought I had seen everything, but, I hadn't. This is the first time I've seen vultures working with ducks. Evidently, the vultures spot golf balls in the lakes around the golf course and the ducks retrieve them. Sometimes, the ducks don't survive and that's when the vultures take lunch.

Avila Beach Golf Resort, Avila Beach, California 2010

## Fisherman



A long time ago, like more than a month or two, fishermen used cormorants to catch fish. This was primarily practiced in Japan, China, Greece and Macedonia, although, England and France tried their hand at it a bit also. The fisherman tied a snare at the base of the cormorant's throat that prevented the swallowing of large fish. I'm not sure how the fishermen retrieved the cormorants, but, evidently there was some kind of mutual agreement and the cormorant would return to the fisherman an upchuck the large fish. Old Cecil, pictured here, used to work for Canttya Knot off the coast of Taiwan, but, because of Canttya's inept knot tying, Cecil kept swallowing the fish. Eventually, Canttya released Cecil and Cecil now resides in California working for himself.

Whiskeytown Lake, California 2010



## Prehistory

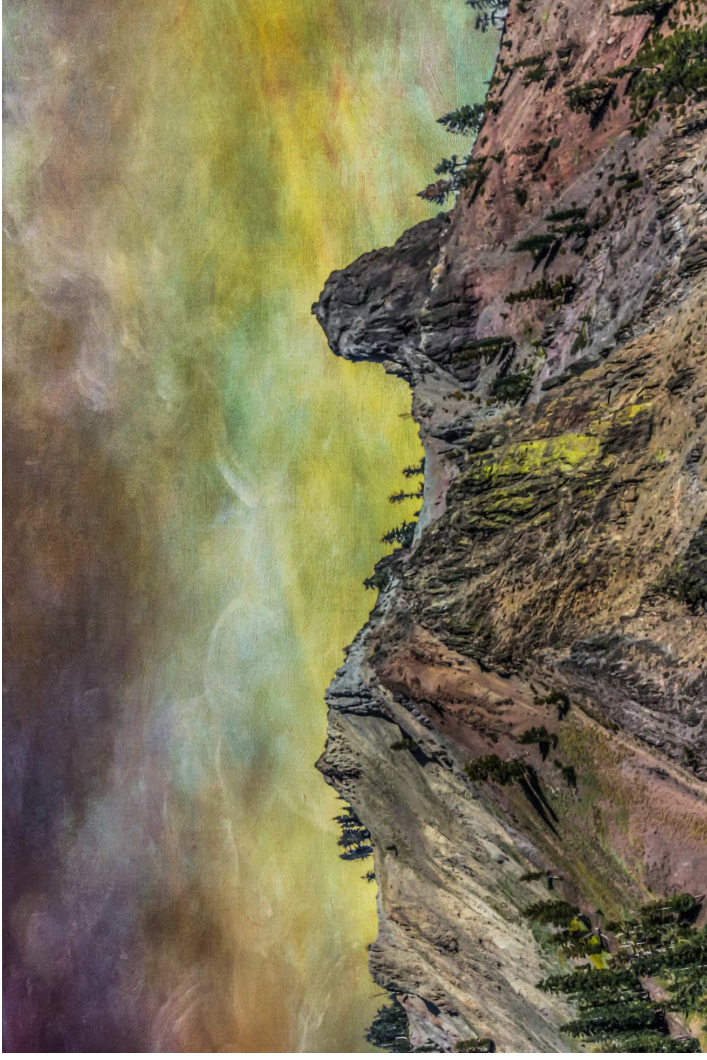


Long before anyone started writing stuff down or passing along verbal stories, cormorants were flapping around checking things out. They spent a lot of time floating in water until one day, Aegaeon hit a tree. He grabbed onto a branch with his webbed feet and hung there upside down. After a few minutes, Aegaeon thought, "You know what? I can see much more from here than the water!" So, from that day forward, cormorants started hanging out in the trees.

Whiskeytown Lake, California 2010



## Saddle



Evidently, Lassen Volcanic National Park is one of the few areas in the world where all four types of volcano can be found; plug dome, shield, cinder cone and strato. There were reports from 1850 to 1851 that fire and lava were spewed in the Cinder Cone area, however, geologist and volcanologists have concluded that the last Cinder Cone eruption occurred between 1675 and 1700.

More than likely, the 1850 - 1851 reports were sparked by copious amounts of firewater. I checked my calendar. I wasn't anywhere near the area in 1850 or 1851!

Lassen Volcanic National Park, California 2010

## Planning



I get the impression that science fiction writers might spend a little time roaming around this area to heighten their descriptions of extraterrestrial lands. Sniffing sulfur probably adds to the experience also.

Lassen Volcanic National Park, California 2010



## Zeroing In

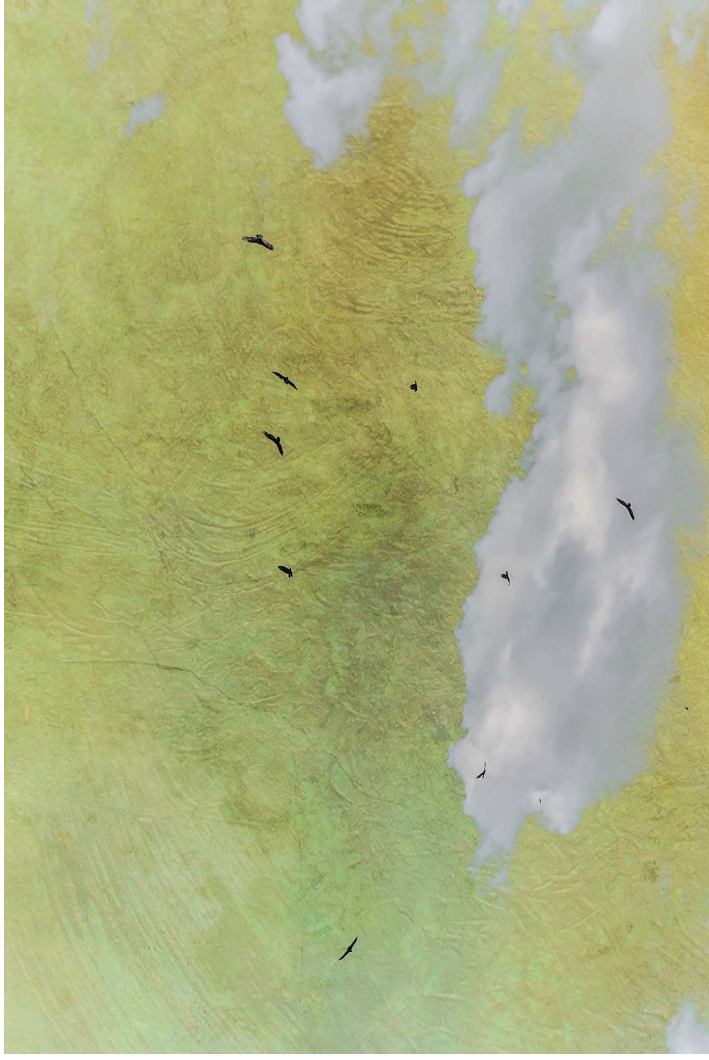


All you have to do is keep moving. Don't even think about resting. Flutter your eyelids. Wiggle your toes.

Bakersfield, California 2010



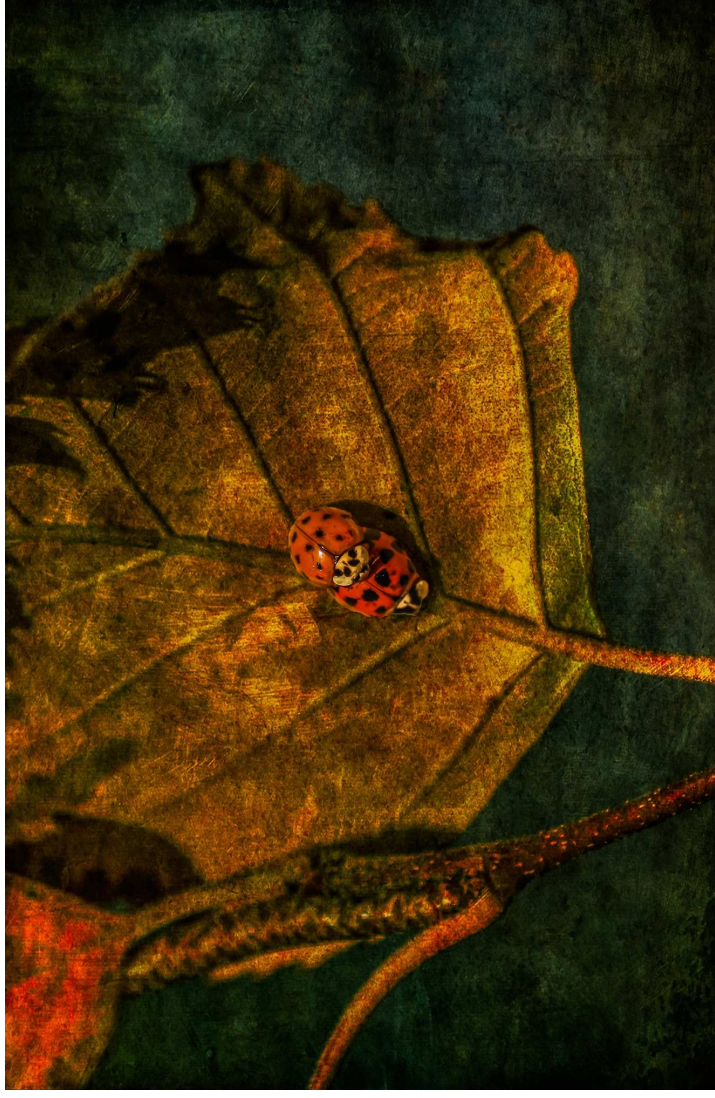
## Soar For A Score



We have lots of vultures in town. The kind that fly, although, we have the other type also. The ones that prey on you and me. Vultures are scavengers and feed almost exclusively on carrion. There is an inordinate amount of carrion in town. The pedestrian kill rate is quite high. Don't walk or ride a bicycle if you are visiting.

Bakersfield, California 2010

## Rhythm



We have ladybugs every year around the yard, but, when we planted three river birch trees in the backyard, six or seven years ago, the number of ladybugs increased significantly. Turns out, aphids like river birch leaves and ladybug larvae like aphids. We had to compromise on the number of aphid we allowed. So, every afternoon, I would walk through the leaves and collect aphids in my hair. You ever try sleeping with aphids crawling around your scalp?

Bakersfield, California 2010



## Complaint



Cormorant: "You've got to be kidding! I can't even spell Phalacrocoracidae let alone pronounce the word! Who in their right mind came up with that term as a family name? I can hear it now. Hi, I'm William Phalacrocoracidae! What's your name? the ospreys will be falling out of the trees at that one!"

Hart Park, Kern County, California 2010



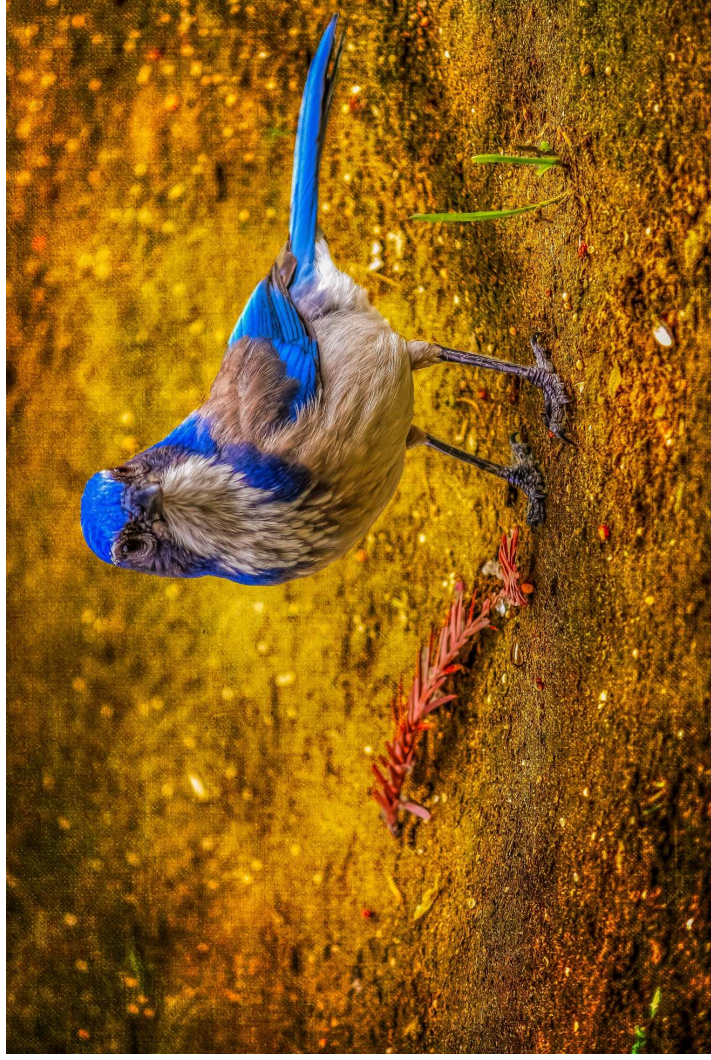
Jack Sparrow



I've spent a lot of time sitting on the patio listening to music, sipping Jack Daniels and pointing the camera. We have a rather small backyard with three river birch and eight aptos blue trees. Most of the yard is shaded and birds like all the trees. They also like the water feature; a two foot waterfall and about five feet of running stream. The water feature is under three of the aptos blues. I used to burn in a portable fire pit; a lot. Now, the trees would ignite if I burned. With the current rules on burning, about the only time I could burn was the summer. I did it, but, I didn't like burning in 100° F weather much.

Bakersfield, California 2011

## Got Nuts

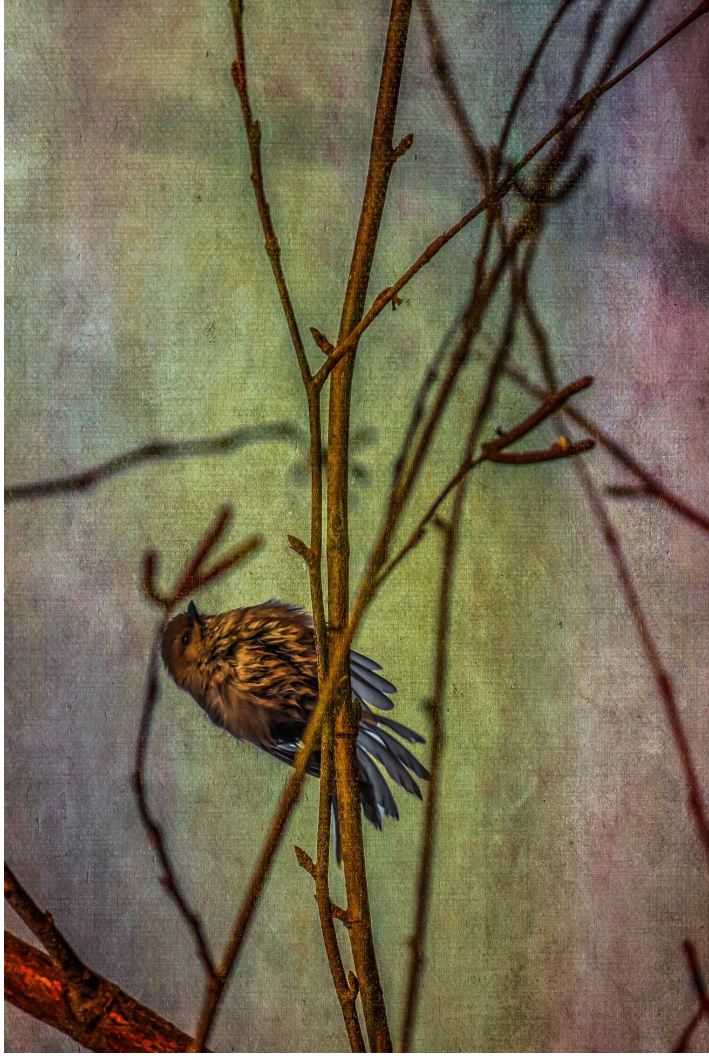


Scrub Jays are bullies. Plain and simple. Quite frankly, they don't care if you can fly, bark or meow. They will pick on you. There is no such thing as a communal bird feeder; it's theirs! We had two Jays that frequented the backyard. I used to give them peanuts in the shell. They were very methodical. Grab one peanut, hide it, grab another peanut, hide it. The dogs sniffed out most of the peanuts and ate them. That kind of disoriented the Jays because they were sure about the hiding locations. The Jays would talk to each other. "Hey, did you steal my nuts?" "Why would I steal your nuts, I've got my own nuts!" Then they would go pick on other birds or the dogs or the cat. Woody the Cat thought it was hilarious to watch the Jays look for missing nuts.

Bakersfield, California 2011



Ruffled



If you sit around a location and watch, you will see all kinds of interesting activity. This character was doing some skinny dipping in the backyard water feature. Can you imagine? Right out there in the open oblivious to everything around him. Woody the Cat got an eye full. I think Woody tweaked a hip doing all that butt waving cats do.

Bakersfield, California 2011



## Peanuts



Scrub Jays are easy to train. Just set a few peanuts out at the same time every day and it doesn't take long for them to get the idea. I think I gave them 100 lbs in a year. The next year, I spent all my time picking peanuts off the roof, from under rocks, out of rain gutters and picking up shells the dogs had found. Jays don't like you taking their hidden stash!

Bakersfield, California 2011

## Rock Munchers



In Tulare County, California, there are some amazing cattle. They have been known to mow down a pile of rocks within a week leaving nothing but fragments of stone. In the mid 1800s, ranchers used them to grind boulders and mixed that with other elements to make rockcrete. These bovine have powerful jaws and strong molars. Of course, I could be wrong. They might just be grass munching cattle.

Tulare County, California 2011



## Fenced In For The Public's Safety

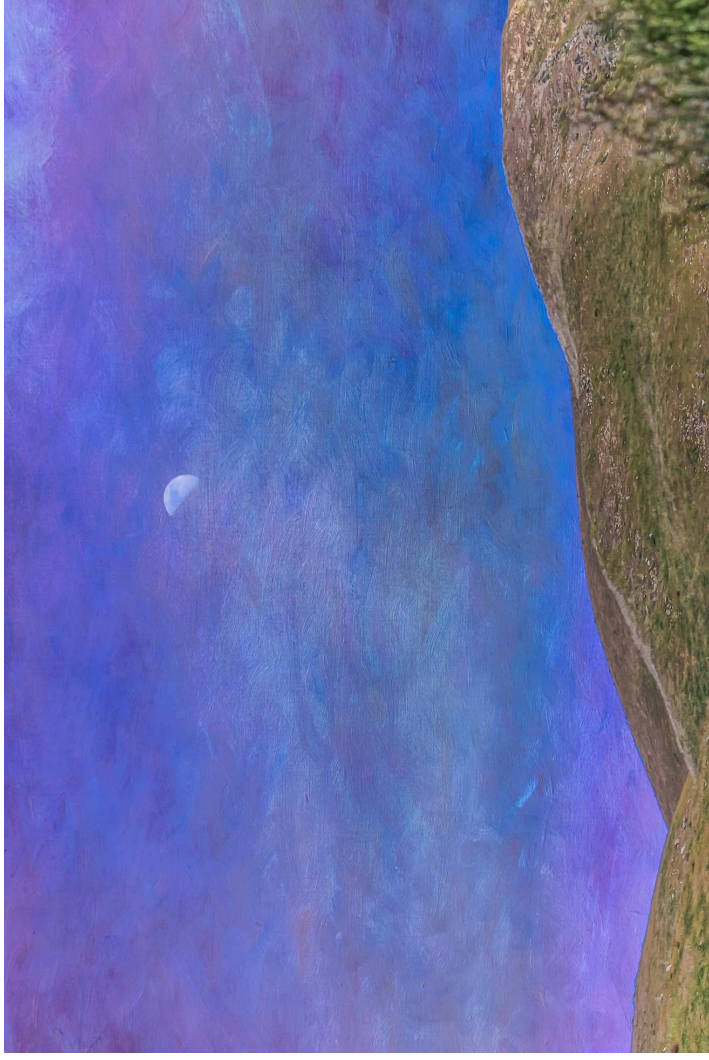


Some locales have to take extreme measures to contain the most boisterous rocks in the world. If they are not contained, the rocks would migrate to the nearest settlements and thoroughly disrupt the community with their continuous rock & roll. The rocks get so excited that they scatter lichen all over the place and the clean up is tedious.

Tulare County, California 2011



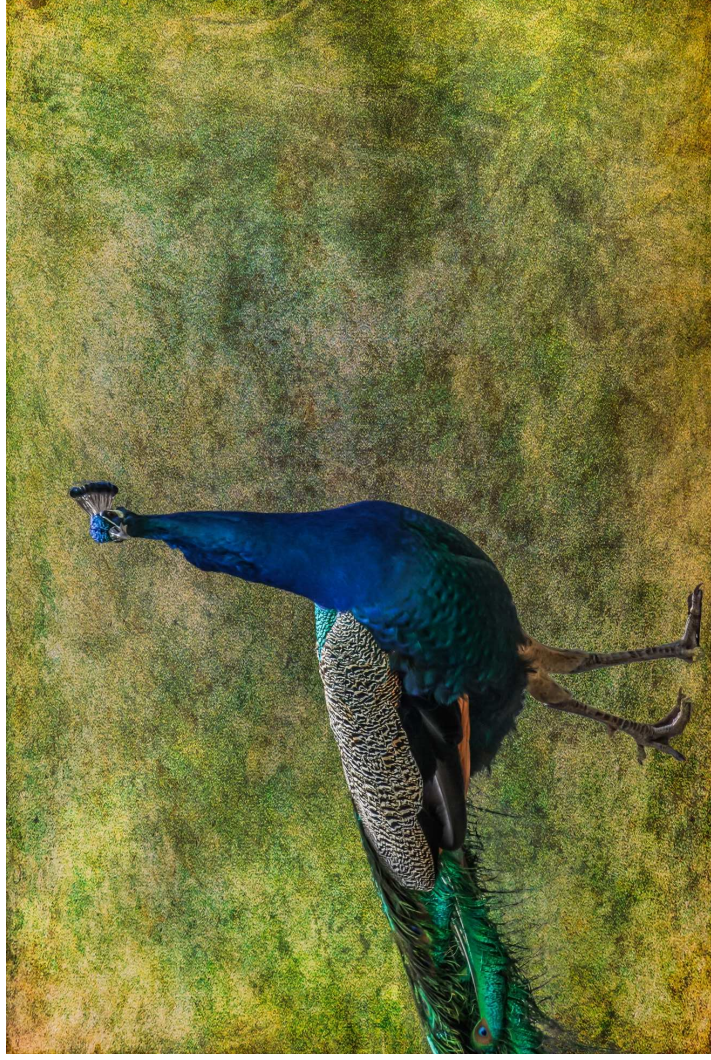
## Watchful



The slumbering hills are oblivious to the watchful guardian. Hills sleep during the day, right? They come alive at night; at least that has been my experience.

Windwolves Preserve, Kern County, California 2011

Whatcha Lookin' At?



Does your park have peacocks? We have a local county park that has somewhere around 30 - 50. No one knows when they were introduced or how, but, they have been around since at least the 1950s. Well, they were probably introduced something like, "hi, Mildred, this is Raphael." I can remember when it was odd to see the birds anywhere except a zoo. So, the first time I saw them, it was like, wow! Now, it's kind of like, "shut the heck up, you whiney birds!"

Hart Memorial Park, Kern County, California 2011



## Stringing You Along

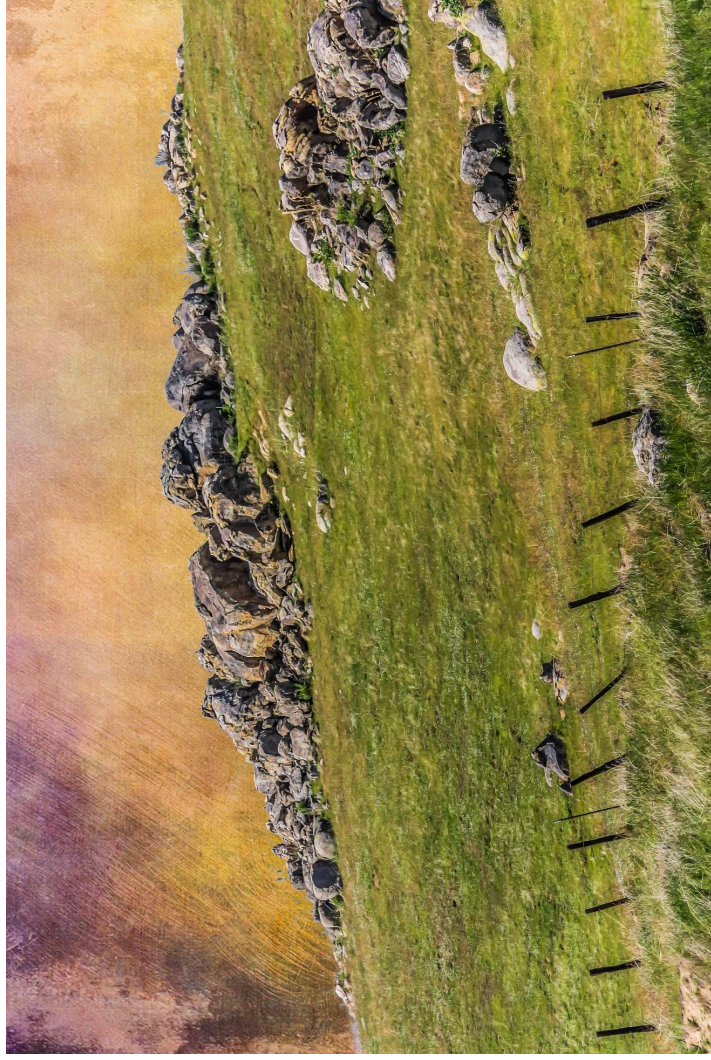


I like electricity. Electricity powers my refrigerator and my computer. I can get something cold and I can get the internet. What more do you need?

Hart Park, Kern County, California 2011



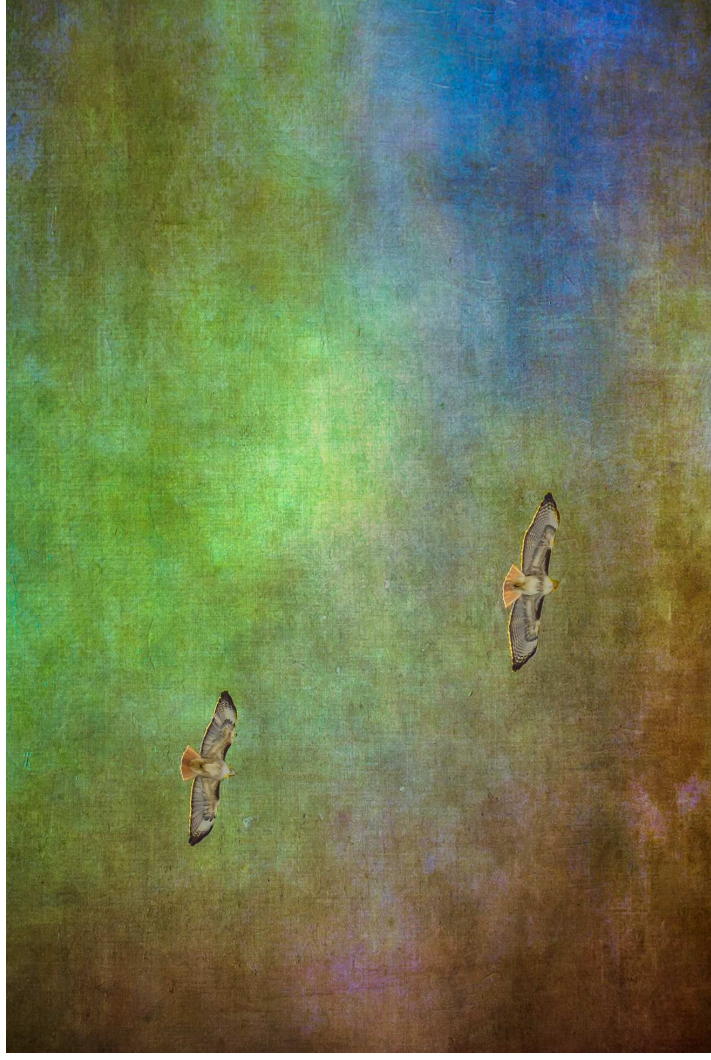
## Out Of Bounds



I used to play golf once a year. I haven't done that for three years now. I'd rather shoot photos than hit a little ball. However, I am still so athletic that even once a year was enough to keep me sharp. I could hit those rocks every time I played; whether I was aiming at them or not!

Woody-Granite Road, Kern County, California 2011

## The Sky Was Blue



Until I got a hold of it! A nice little day trip in the area between Woody, California and Glennville, California put us high enough to see some snow and a couple of hawks. The birds circled and circled. I think I lost my balance several times watching them. I don't remember for sure; I hit my head a couple of times.

Tulare County, California 2011



## Rancho Los Feliz

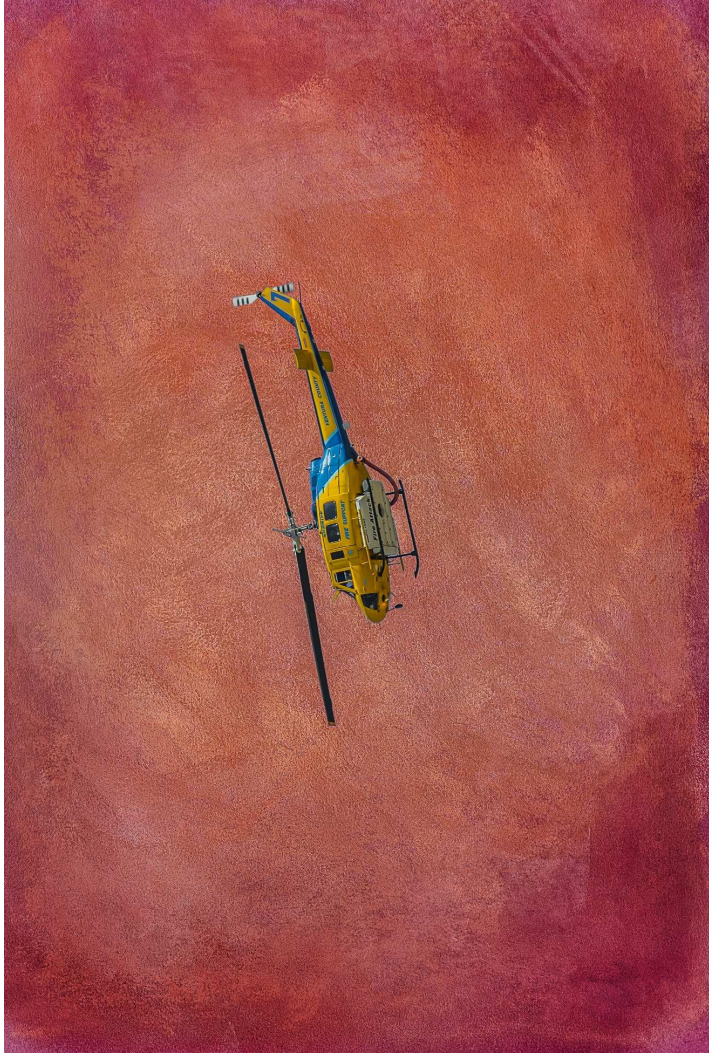


So, a few years ago, like maybe over a hundred, this land belonged to the the Feliz family. Don Antonio Feliz eventually owned the property and lived with his sister, Soledad, and a niece, Dona Petranilla. Old Antonio was wasting away with smallpox and on his deathbed, Don Antonio Coronel visited him with a lawyer. Story goes, that a new will was drawn up and Don C connected a stick to the back of Don F's head to help Don F nod his head in agreement with the new will leaving all the land to Don C instead of Don F's sister and niece. Might be just rumor, but, the niece, Dona Petranilla, supposedly put a curse on the land and people, animals and land started dying. In 1882, the land was sold to Colonel Griffith Jenkins Griffith.

Griffith Park, Los Angeles, California 2011



## Fire Support



I really didn't think our beach bonfire surrounded by sand was a big deal. Evidently, the authorities do not like people making their own glass using public land. The old, "if we let everyone do that, there would be no sand left on the beach" thing! I think the seagulls snatched on us because we wouldn't let them have our bag of chips!

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2011

50% Survived



I just happened to shoot as the insect on the right broke free from the web and fell. He was probably still in shock and didn't remember he had wings. He wasn't wearing fall protection either, so, he hit the ground, shook himself a few times and then flew off buzzing, "Sorry Bubba. You're on your own."

Salt Marsh, Carpinteria, California 2011



## Plop, Plop

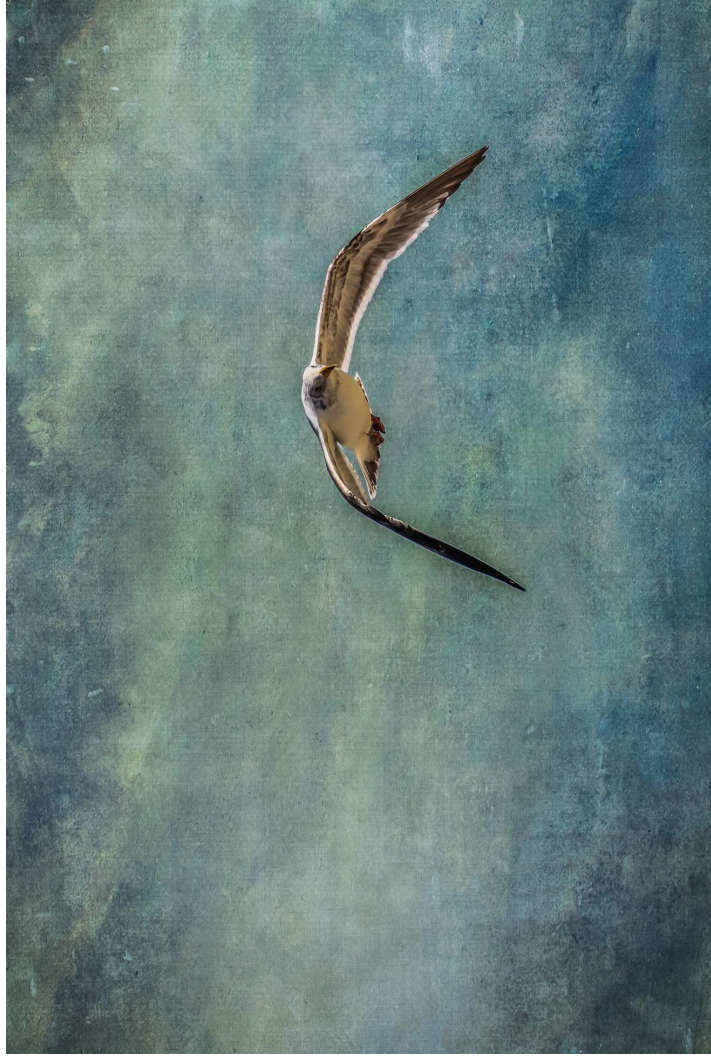


I'm sure a lot of folks have had the unfortunate instance where they become the target of a rectal release from a bird. Naturally, the larger the bird, the larger the mess. It always amazes me that you can have thousands of people on a beach and very few get bombarded. How is that possible with so many birds flying up and down the beach?

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2011



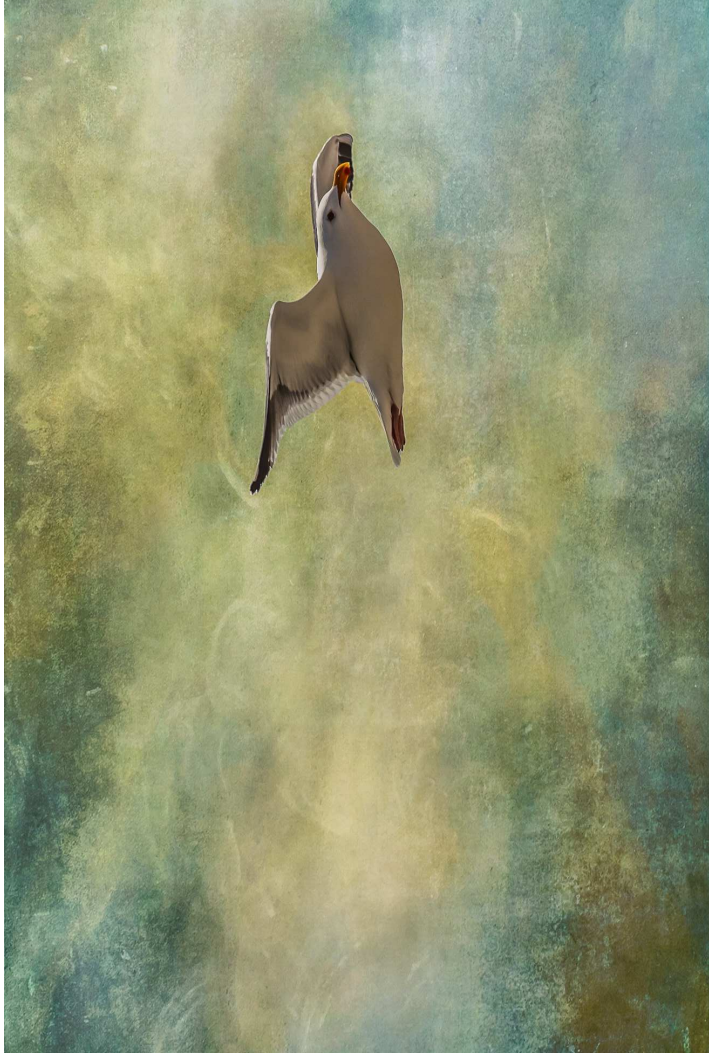
## Voracious



I used to hang out with Bill the seagull. We had good times. But, as I got older, I became more annoyed with his frequent mid-sentence fly-aways to check out an unattended ice chest or bag of chips. Eventually, we just drifted apart. I hope he hasn't gotten his butt in trouble with his voracious foraging.

Carpinteria State Beach, California 2011

## Effortless

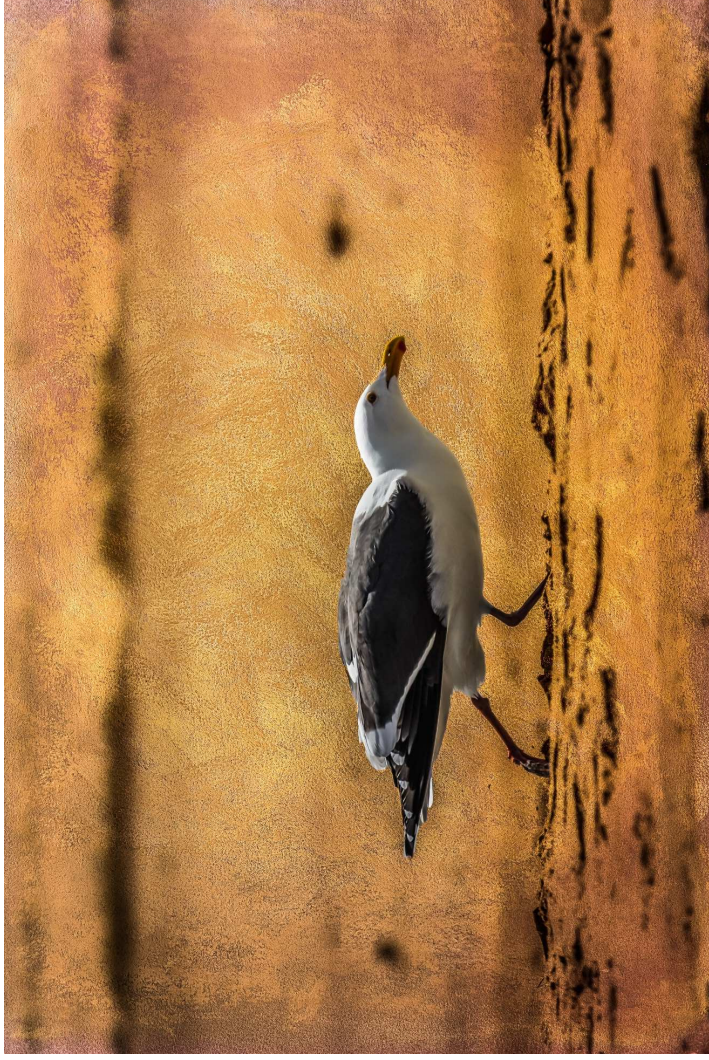


Seagulls are everywhere. We have seagulls at the local landfill. I don't know why, but, I seem to really enjoy watching seagull antics at the beach more than the landfill. You're not supposed to feed Seagulls. If you get caught, there could be a fine. I don't know about seagulls, but, overfed pigeons can breed up to 8 times a year instead of 3. That's a lot of pigeon poop. Maybe the same thing applies to seagulls.

Carpinteria State Beach, California 2011



## Slight Of Hand

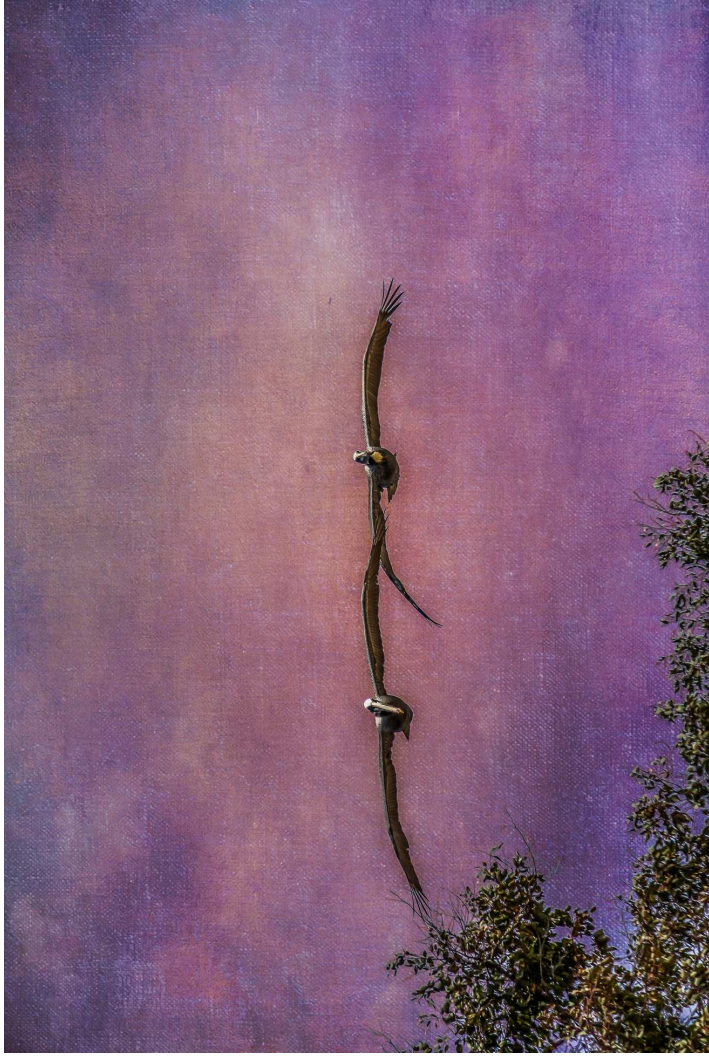


I watched this guy all day long. He would sprint up the beach and then down the beach. He could outrun all the other gulls. I thought maybe he had an issue with his wings. Then, he grabbed a neighbor's bag of chips and flew off. Obviously, his beach sprinting was a ploy to distract unwary chip bag owners.

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2011



## Tandem



Ricky: "What do you think, Angus?"

Angus: "Well, I say we land a big ol' pile on that photographer and then go get some fish!"

Ricky: "You come up with some of the best ideas, Angus! Let's see how fast he can run."

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2011

## Who Has The Bag?



It takes us two hours to get to the Santa Barbara, California area beaches because we always stop at the Fillmore Fish Hatchery. The hatchery is a good place to use the restrooms and look at some fish and birds. Once we get to the beach, the first thing I do is lie down and take a nap. I probably don't really sleep; just rest, listening to the waves and gulls. By the time I decide to open my eyes and look around, the people near us have left their food articles unsecured and the gulls know it is time to strike. That's when the acrobatics begin and it is time to get the camera out.

Carpinteria State Beach, Carpinteria, California 2011



Bird In A Bush

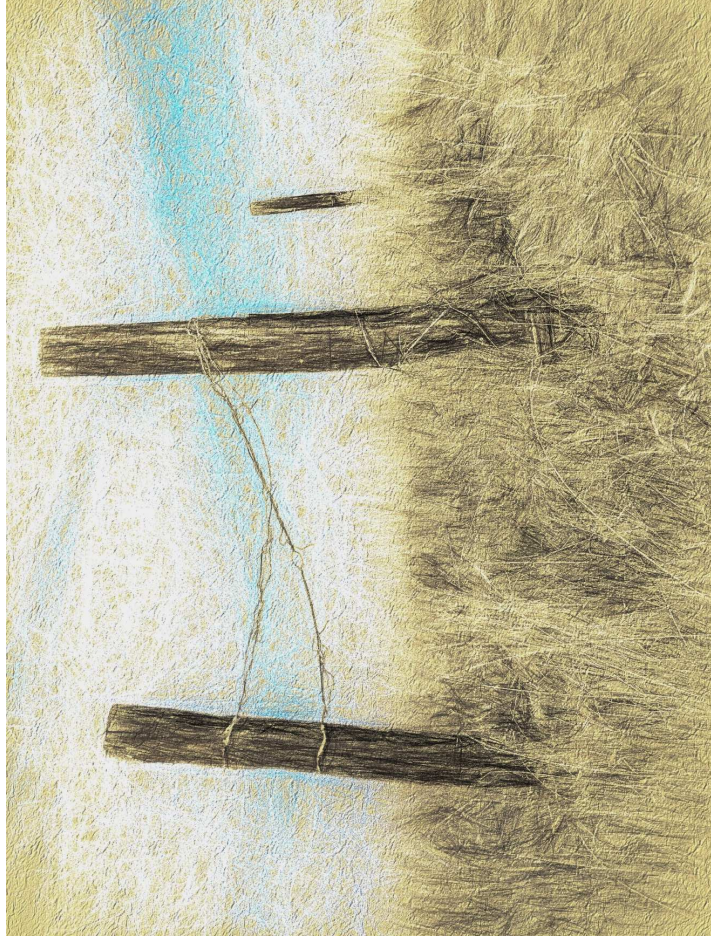


This quail startled Shari and I. Not because he came flapping out of the bush like they normally do making your heart race, but, because he didn't. He just sat there checking us out. After a while, he asked if we wanted to buy tickets to a San Jose Sharks game that night. Well, right then and there, we knew he was trying to put one over on us. This was June and the hockey season doesn't start until October. When we mentioned that to him, he just adjusted his top notch and flew off.

Wilder Ranch State Park, Santa Cruz, California 2011



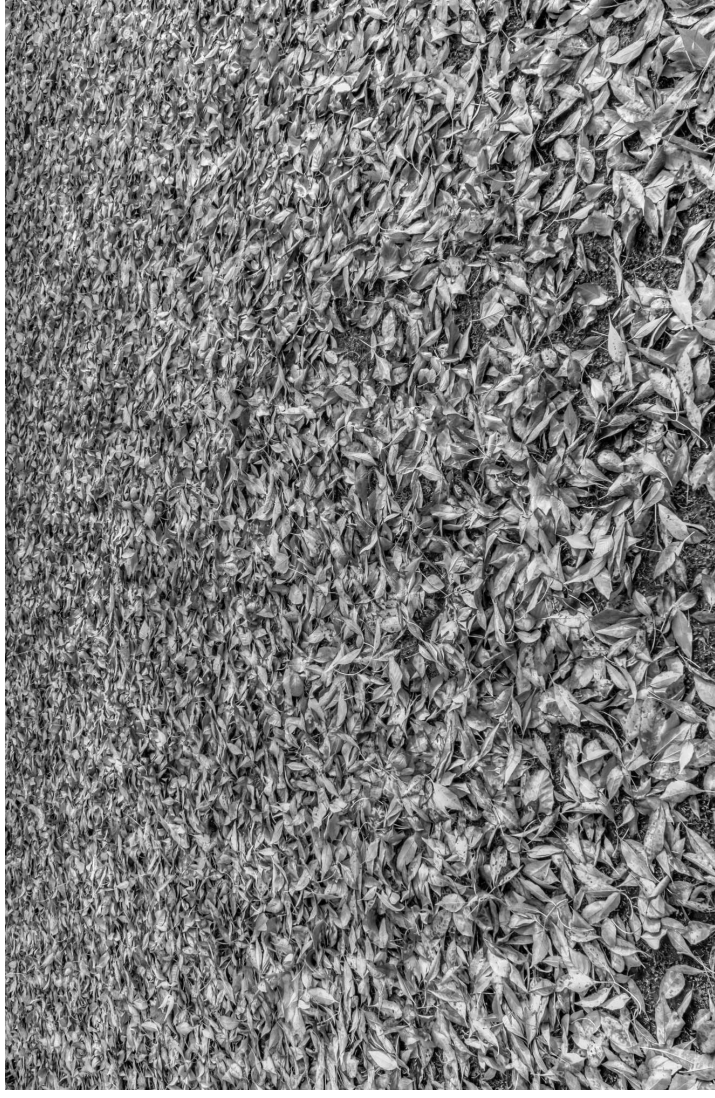
## Broken Bond



When things are left unattended, they tend to break down. Then again, there are things that are tended too much and break down; like government.

Bakersfield, California 2011

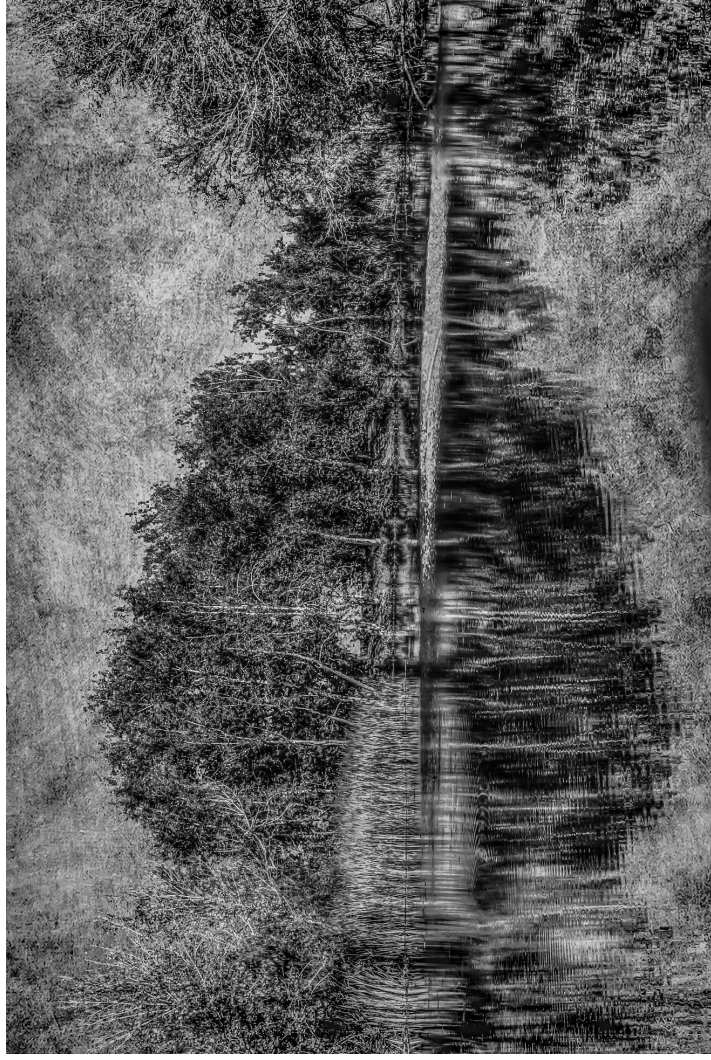
## Fallen



I asked the worms around our house what they thought of leaves covering the ground. What? Your worms don't talk? Anyway, the majority of the worms I interviewed expressed absolute enthusiasm about carpets of leaves. The main reason was that the leaf cover made it more difficult for the "nasty" birds to disrupt the worm families. According to the worms, there is nothing worse than hearing a child scream as it is being carried off to be devoured. Of the worms who didn't like the leaf cover, they were primarily astro observers and despised the blocked view.

Bakersfield, California 2011

Satisfied



This is where Bob the Bass hangs out. It's kind of odd that this lunger would take up residency right in the middle of a city, but, he seems to like it. He never had the ambition that sent his cousin, Big Mouth Billy Bass, to the top of the singing charts and he's okay with that. A few worms and grubs and he's happy.

Lake Truxtun, Bakersfield, California 2011



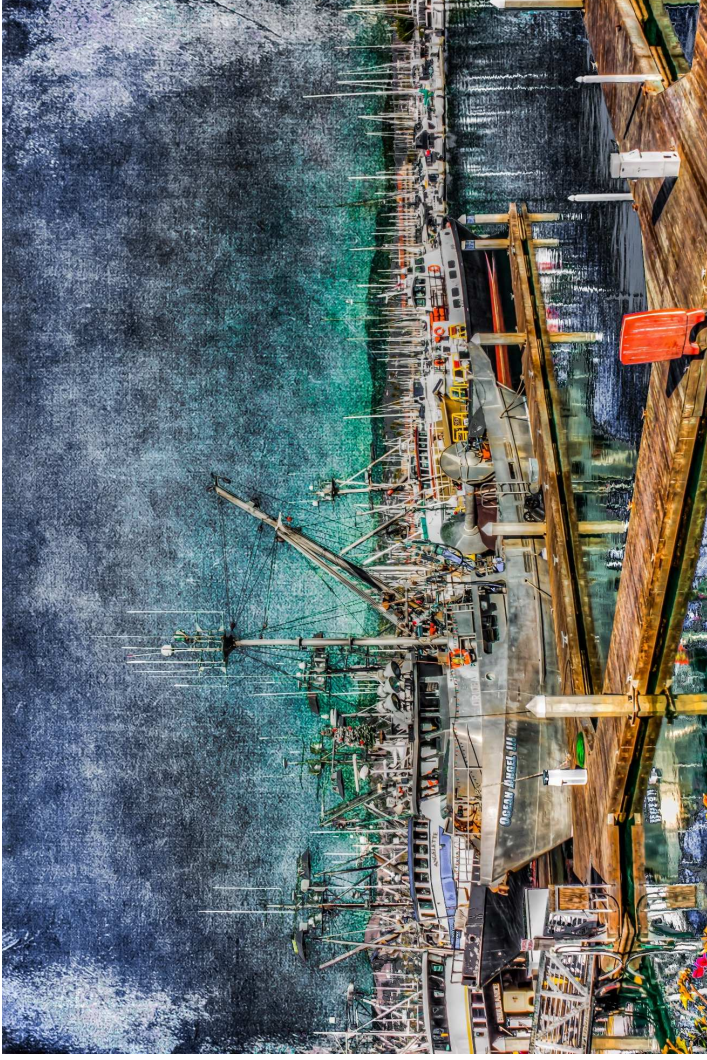
## The Crossing



John Woodhouse Audubon stopped here in 1849 with ten men and forty-six mules. Of course, back then, there was no bridge and the Kern River was a torrent. He thought, "You know, this would be a great place for a ferry crossing!" Well, John might have crossed Kern County at this point, but, probably not. He didn't like getting his feet wet, so, he probably went North up the West side of the valley looking for the odd bird or two along the way.

Gordon's Ferry, Bakersfield, California 2011

Empty



Conspicuously missing from it's slip, is the Ocean Devil 666. The crew of the Angel was supposed to keep tabs on the Devil, but, they all had a little too much wine at last night's bible study and slept in. The Devil is on the loose.

Ventura, California 2011



## Spear The Sky



You know, folks who live in the southern San Joaquin Valley don't have much use for long pants, coats, sweaters or other warm clothing. It gets that cold a couple of weeks or a month at the most out of the year. So, when you run up to the mountains in January, sometimes you forget to initially wear something warm; I mean you are in shorts in the valley! I like to froze my ya-yas off this day at only 4,000 ft (1219.2 m).

Camp Nelson, California 2012



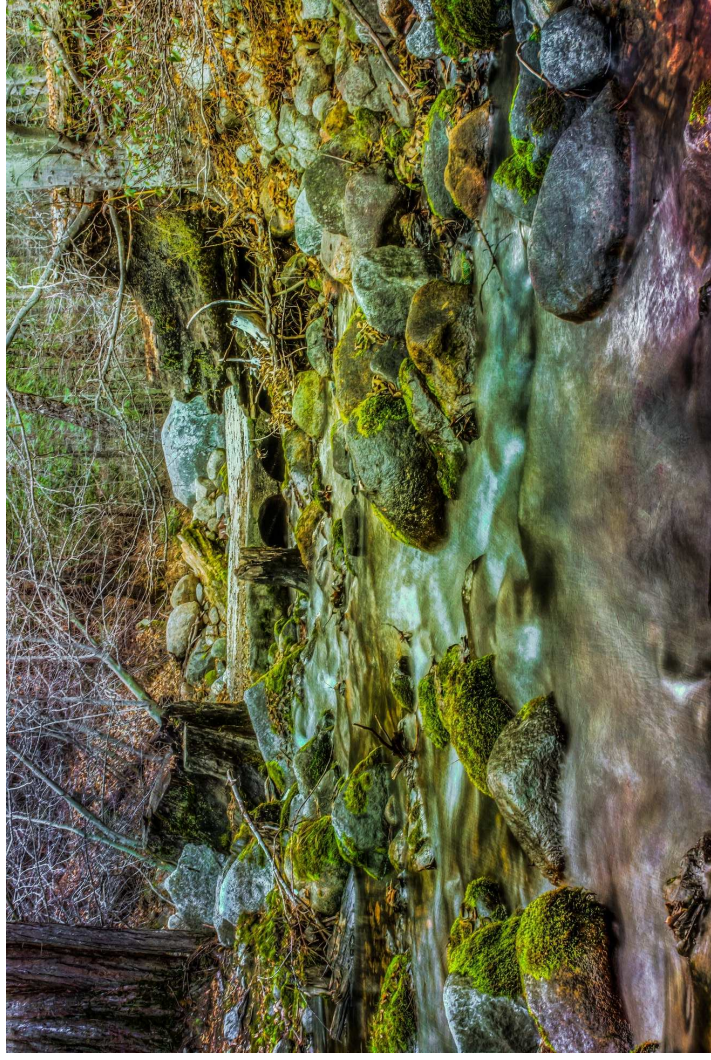
## Score, If You Can



The word football refers to several different ball-kicking sports depending on where you live in the world. The sports have points in common. Generally, there are two teams with varying numbers of members on each team and a clearly defined playing area. The object is to score goals or points by moving the ball to an opposing team's end of the field and either into a goal area or over a line. Players move the ball, which can be various shapes, by kicking, carrying or hand-passing. In America, points are scored by moving the ball over the opponent's goal line, kicking the ball over a goal post or tackling the opponent behind their own goal line. This year, the goal posts are going to be a little more difficult to score over as depicted in the photo. It should eliminate those boring 60 yard field goals.

Tulare County, California 2012

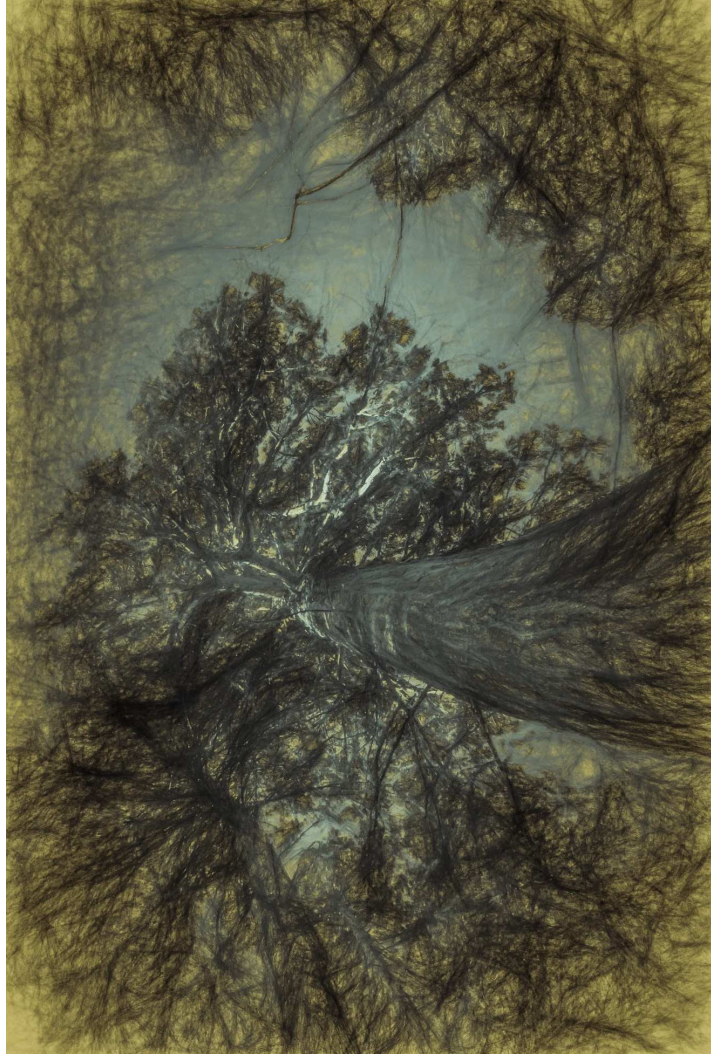
## The Lonely Road



One of the tributaries of the Tule River in the Camp Nelson, Tulare County, California area. The worn crossing leads to a cabin. I guess you swim when the water is high.

Camp Nelson, California 2012

## It's A Long Way To The Top



This was taken during my epic hike with my brother-in-law a few years ago. The idea was to walk in to the Belknap Grove of Giant Sequoias while passing through several other smaller groves. We did not make it to the Belknap Grove. It was my fault. At this point of the hike I was lying on my back wondering whether I'd make it back to the trailhead or not. I had to find a walking stick to help me get up the mountain and back to the truck. I did have a little motivation to keep moving when I noticed a mountain lion following us. Not really. There was no mountain lion as far as I know, but, the thought kept creeping into my head as I hobbled along. I sure wasn't going to be able to outrun my brother-in-law!

Camp Nelson, California 2012



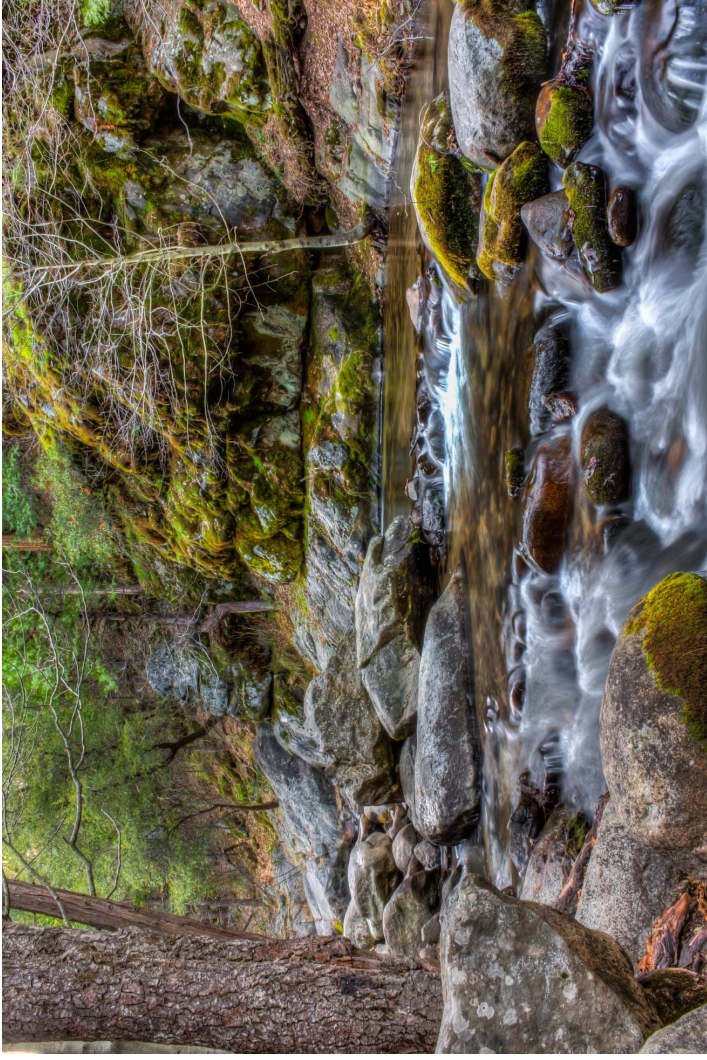
## I Fell Down



These are not Giant Sequoias, but, seeing them reminded me of the big boys. Alright, I admit, I don't remember. These could be Giant Sequoias. The photo was taken on a hike to a grove of trees called the Belknap Grove which is actually a complex of three groves covering about 4,666 acres. I was beat. I don't hike that much and definitely not to the extent we did that day. At this point of the hike, I was probably lying on the forest floor! Tulare County, California has an abundance of groves. I'm not sure what abundance means, but, I know of at least nine different groves within 10 miles of Camp Nelson as the crow flies. Don't make me name them because I probably can't. There is even a County park that has Giant Sequoias!

Camp Nelson, Tulare County, California 2012

## Oppose The Flow



It was at this exact spot when Herschel realized he would never fulfill his dream. Herschel was a long term resident of the Porterville Mental Institute, primarily, because he thought he was a salmon. It had always been his fantasy to follow his fishy brothers upstream and spawn.

For years, the doctors tried to persuade Herschel that there were never any salmon in this body of inland water. Herschel believed that despite the fact there was no navigable connection between this body of water and the ocean, the US Army Special Forces secretly dropped salmon in the river to spawn and then transported the fry back to the ocean.

Herschel escaped from the institute, started up the river, but, broke his jar of salmon eggs at this location and watched in dismay while trout ate his eggs. Maybe, next year!

Tule River, Tulare County, California 2012

## Honeymoon



Believe it or not, back in 1491, there were no fences on this property in California. Of more interest perhaps, is that King Charles VIII of France married Anna of Bretagne and honeymooned in a little chateau called La Cabane sur la Colline that once stood on the closest hill. They had a jolly good time and laughed their butts off when they got back to France and heard some dude named Christopher Columbus had declared he found the New World in 1492. Heck, all Christopher had to do was go inland a few thousand miles and he would realized all those french wine bottles didn't get there all by themselves.

(the above is a complete fabrication except perhaps for the statement about no fences)

Bena Road, Kern County, California 2012



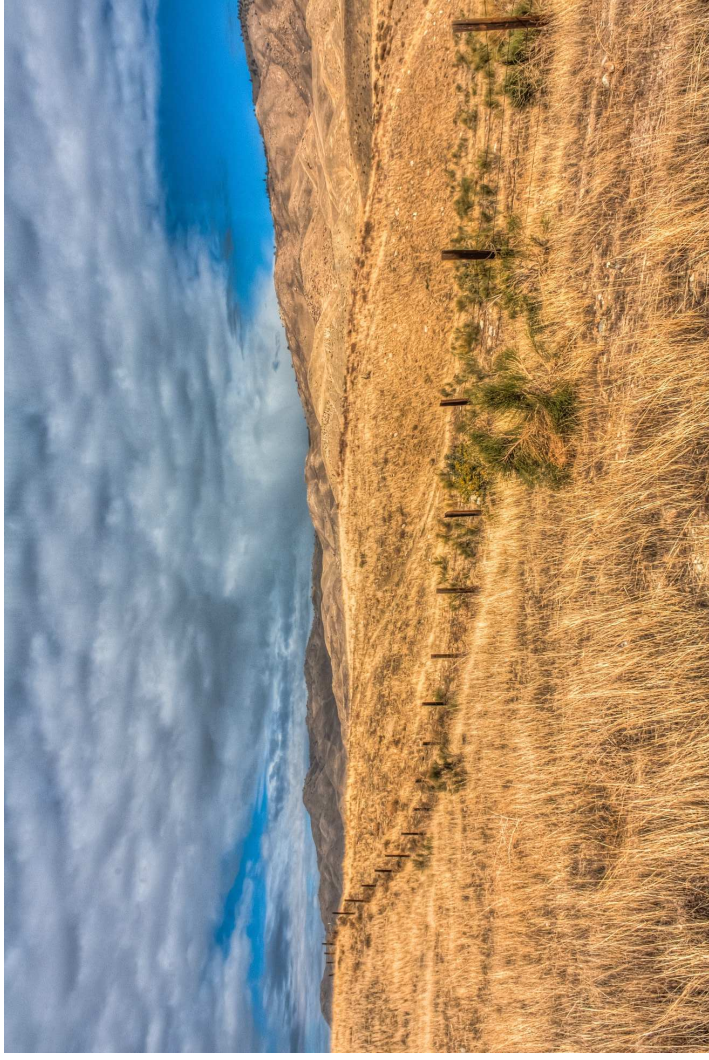
## On The Outside



Every weekend, Edison, California snails travel to this location on Bena Road to view the prehistoric snail trails left by their ancestors. They always discuss following the trails to see if they really go to the great slim hole in the mountains, but, they are afraid of barbed wire fences and generally return home to dream another day. Some snails occasionally hang around into the night and sling ignited steel wool on the road asphalt while taking photographs.

Bena Road, Kern County, California 2012

### Three Quarters At Least



I know, I know. To you folks covered in snow and ice, this scene probably looks pretty good about now. Generally, Kern County in the Bakersfield, California area looks like this nine months out of the year. That might be an exaggeration; it's probably ten months. We do get green things like tumbleweeds and Mojave Greens. Actually, when we have a really good rain year, 5+ inches or more, things green up pretty good; grasses, wildflowers, tumbleweeds. Unfortunately, the green doesn't last long with the warm climate. So, if you want something other than brown in your photos, you have to get out there quickly. Something we do have a lot of in Kern County is fences. Not many green ones though.

Bena Road, Kern County, California 2012



## Naps Are Good



It was an ordinary day in 1899 other than Tom Means had almost spent all his money drilling a dry hole looking for oil. He laid down to rest his eyes for a bit and fell asleep. It was a fitful sleep, but, he dreamed. When he woke, the only thing he could remember about his dream was the number seventy.

Tom went back to his dry hole to talk to Roy Elwood and Frank Wiseman about the depth of the hole. They told him they were at 69 feet. Tom kept thinking about the number seventy and finally asked them to dig one more foot which would deplete all his money. They dug to a depth of 70 feet and struck oil which was the beginning of the Kern River Oil Field. The field is still producing over one hundred years later.

The moral of the story is that naps are a good thing.

(The above story is fictitious other than the names of the participants and the fact that oil was struck in 1899.)

Hart Park, Kern County, California 2012



Fishy



There exists an area of a bicycle trail that is bordered perpendicularly by strong magnetic fields. Sometimes, it is actually visible to the naked eye as seen here in the edges of this shot. It's been given the name, Barracuda Tangle, because animals and people who enter the area tend to come out with little needle-like bites and messy hair. I don't know the origin of the name, but, I'm pretty sure someone came up with it while sitting in Trout's Bar listening to country music.

Bakersfield, California 2012

## White Hole Sun



This is one of those, "I wonder what I'd get shooting the Sun through fog" shots. And then other stuff happened later.

Bakersfield, California 2012

## AFTERMATH

Many thanks to my wife and proof reader, Shari Seibold ([www.shariseibold.us](http://www.shariseibold.us)), for taking time to listen to me gripe.

If you are so inclined, hi-res versions of the photos included in the book are available at [www.davidseibold.us](http://www.davidseibold.us).

**Hog Wash** is an ongoing series. This is book one, revised in 2021, which means, follow me now, there were zero before it. Currently, photos and stories are going into book thirty-five and twenty-four have been published. I will slowly start revising the currently published books to mainly change the layout. So, there is a bunch of potential books and I probably won't be around long enough to publish all of them, whatever all of them turns out to be. I've slowed down a bit on the stories due to time.

**Disclaimer:** Almost none of the stories in this book are true. Every once in awhile, I'll slip up and include something that is true, but, I would take everything with a grain of salt. As you read this book, keep in mind that I have made an attempt to include something for everyone. Some folks are always looking for errors. So, if you find any, please remember that they are there for a reason.







Hog Wash Book One Rev 1 eBooks may be available on iBooks, Kindle and Nook